JOHN BULL, *February 12th, 1916.*

More Zeppelin Raids Coming!—See page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 506. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1916. ONE PENNY

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper*]

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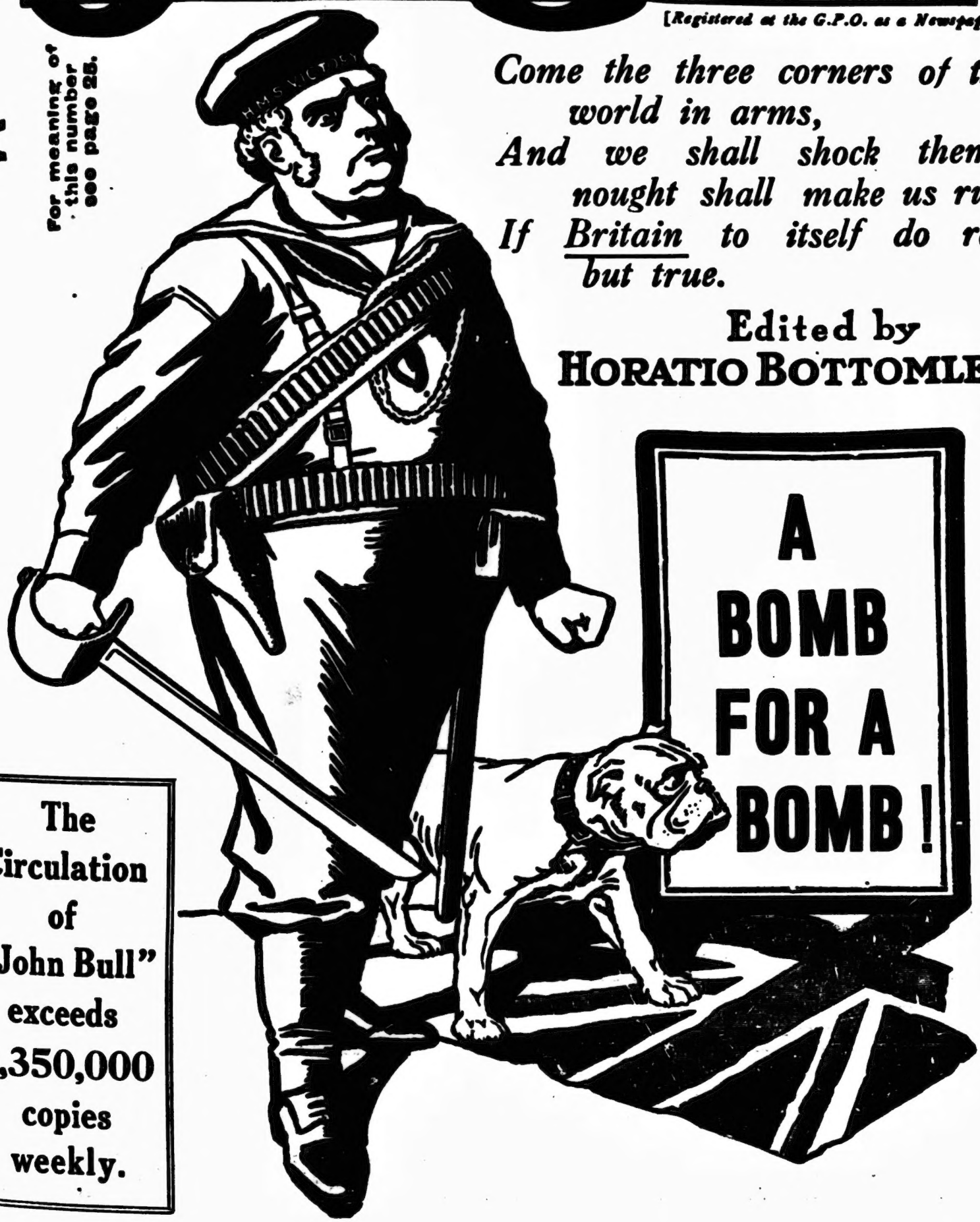
For meaning of this number see page 25.



Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of any charge whatever, an insurance* which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident Policy issued by Insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE. Readers to whom this course is inconvenient may, however, obtain all the advantages of the scheme by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out—which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of **£200**

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled.. **£100**

Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding **£350**

Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to **£25**

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to **£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

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NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Feb.12, 1916.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address.....
Feb. 12, 1916.

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Highly recommended by all Medical Experts, "Scientific Press, Ltd.," "Cyclist," "Weldon's," etc.

Gent's 3/6, Post Free. In Dove. State Waist Size over undervest.

Ladies', 2/9, Post Free. In White or Grey. State Corset size. (Children under 14, 2/6.)

Made in light but strong Coutil, with Elastic Armholes, neatly boned for shoulder support. Best ENGLISH make and finish. Easily adjusted, light, comfortable, and imperceptible when dressed. **Money refunded in full under guarantee AFTER SEVEN DAYS' WEAR if not entirely satisfactory.** SENT IN PLAIN WRAPPER. Foreign Post, 6d. extra.

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IN STRONG MILITARY KHAKI CORDS

12/6 PER PAIR.

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Postage, Inland, 6d.; B.E.F., 1/-

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A recognised body builder for all breeds.

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Booklet and Sample free from

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The ONLY way
to become a Good Pianist

To spend hours a day for many years in wearisome keyboard practising is NOT the way to become a good pianist. To practise difficult passages over and over again until you are sick and tired of them is NOT the way to master them. There is only one certain way—it is afforded by the well-known

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This System abolishes all the drudgery of continual "practising," overcomes all technical difficulties, and accomplishes infinitely more in three months, practising for a short time daily, than is possible by ordinary methods in many years. No apparatus, no specially written score. The recommendation of Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians and over 6,500 successful students is ample proof of the efficacy of my System. Whatever your age or proficiency, wherever you live, there is no quicker, more certain, less expensive way to become a really good pianist and to overcome all your technical difficulties.

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If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free and without obligation on your part if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

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48, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Munition Work	—Coal & Metal Mining
—Business Training	—Mechanical Engineering
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—Motor Engineering	—Woodworking
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NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

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ADDRESS.....

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TAKE your various Domestic Insurance Policies — "Fire," "Burglary," "Employers' Liability," and any others you may have—excluding "Air-craft," — total up the premiums you are paying at per cent., and compare the cost with the "ALL-IN" Policy premium which covers you against 29 main and various incidental risks in one Policy, at

ONE INCLUSIVE PREMIUM of 6s. PER CENT. PER ANNUM

THE

'ALL-IN' POLICY

saves you money, gives you wider protection, is simply worded—unambiguous and indisputable. It introduces into Domestic Insurance the modern idea—the consolidation of all risks—Economy in protection.

Write for

Explanatory Booklet,
No. 112.
THE BRITISH DOMINIONS General Insurance Co., Ltd.
"All-In" Policy Dept.,
9 & 10, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C.

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Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis or children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

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SPEARMINT Chewing Gum

The delicious mint-flavoured confection keeps the soldier fit and well—sustains him—keeps him "on the go"—and prevents thirst. It is the **only** indulgence that is suited to heavy marching. Do your soldier boy a good turn, and send him some Wrigley's in all your parcels and letters. He is sure to appreciate it.

5 bars 2½d. 40 bars 1/6.

Sold by all Chemists and Confectioners, and all branches of Boots Cash Chemists. If you find any difficulty in obtaining it, apply direct to—

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Old Bushmills Whiskey

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Thousands in use. Very light and easy to put on.

PROOF AGAINST Bayonet, Sword, Lance, Spent Bullets, Shrapnel, Shell Splinters, Bomb Splinters & Grenades.

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The very thing to send your Father, Brother, Sweetheart, or a Friend. Help to save the life of your dear ones.

Very Highly Recommended. Send to-day.

SINGLE SHIELDS, To protect the Heart, Chest and Lungs, 5/6.

DOUBLE SHIELDS, To protect the Back and Chest, 10/-

To any address in the British Isles. To the Front 1/- extra.

Send at once, don't delay.

SURE SHIELD CO., 73, Romford Road, Stratford, E.

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to the merits of OSRAM? Hundreds of thousands of users in homes, factories, shops, etc., throughout Great Britain have borne witness to its worth. OSRAM is England's most popular lamp.

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Lamps

British made throughout

at The Osram Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 506 Week ending Saturday, February 12th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

In the Dark.

We shall always remember our first public visit to Northampton—addressing a crowded meeting in the Town Hall, shrouded in darkness, with one faint glimmer over the platform, whilst the Zepps were hovering about—*somewhere!* But we soon forgot all about them—and so did the great audience.

The Zepps and Us.

By the way, we begin to think that the Zepps are after us—but, so far, they have missed their mark. They were—*somewhere*—when we were at Sunderland, Derby, Leicester, Coventry, West Hartlepool, Ipswich, and other towns where we have been speaking. We must touch wood.

The "Bogy" Candidate.

What say the *Daily Express* and the *Star* now about the "Bogy" candidate, Mr. Pemberton Billing, who warned Mile End of the approaching air raids? And what must have been the reflections of those electors who voted for the Coalition automaton when they read that all the Zepps got safely away—that gentleman having complacently assured them that our anti-aircraft defences are now quite "adequate"?

Those "Hornets."

And, by the way, how many aeroplanes went up in pursuit of the Zepps? The official report is silent on the point.

Some Consolation.

Meanwhile, many of our readers have had good cause to be thankful for our own free Zeppelin Insurance Fund—which has been the means of saving them from material loss, whilst in more serious cases our assistance has gone some way to assuage their bereavements. Our representatives are now busily engaged in the raid areas, paying claims. Better than the expensive Government Scheme, isn't it?

The "Universal Provider."

We were privileged to be present the other night at a most wonderful gathering—the annual concert of the employees of the great "House of Whiteley," in support of their own domestic fund and of the Red Cross. We commented on the fact that the firm undertook to supply everything under the sun, and, this proposition being assented to, we at once placed an order, for execution after the war—for a Business Government! And it was duly booked!

Cause and Effect.

This from a Leicester correspondent: "It has been always said here that something good would happen to the man who had the pluck to deliver a patriotic lecture in Leicester—and, sure enough, two of your horses won races the day after your meeting here." We never *could* make out how that came about!

That Crest.

We are still awaiting a move by the Prince of Wales about that *Ich Dien* motto on his crest; and, at the same time, we should like the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) to consider the propriety of erasing *their* motto—*Fest und treu.*

Preferential.

Is it quite fair that men coming in at the eleventh hour should be granted privileges withheld from those who enlisted under the original Derby scheme? The new men may choose their regiment; Derbyites have no choice whatever. The Tribunals may exempt the new men; but they may only put the Derby men ten groups back. Favours granted in this way are apt to make slow men still slower, in the hope of further doles.

Taxing Exemptions.

Austria makes a profit out of its "exempts," even in peace time. Every man rejected for the Army, whether because of unfitness, or for family and special reasons, has to pay a tax for three years. It is on a sliding scale, and begins as low as 2s. yearly, but every man of military age has to pay something if he does not serve in the ranks. Perhaps some of our young men who are greedy for exemption might welcome a similar tax on their earnings in civil life—or on munitions.

Grenades.

When a firm under Government control offered to make hand-grenades at 2s. 3d. per dozen, business was declined on the ground, apparently, that no contracts were to be given out to new contractors. So the Trench Warfare Department let the work go to an uncontrolled firm at 2s. 6d. per dozen. We also learn that as much as 5s. 6d. has been paid to other companies for the same article. What about a refund?

An Important Point.

We thought we were familiar with most of the matters which are worrying our Tommies in the trenches. But we appear to have overlooked one of the most important. Speaking at a meeting of Churchmen the other day, Sir Edward Clarke, in protesting against the introduction of "mass vestments" into the Church of England, stated that it would be a severe blow to soldiers returning after the war to find this innovation. Dear old Sir Edward! Mass vestments! Mass Formations, if you like.

No part of Britain is safe. Therefore see page ii of cover.

"Picked up on the Rubbish Heap."

A member of the crew sends us a booklet entitled "Armed Merchant Cruiser H.M.S. *Teutonic*—Station Bill"—which he "picked up on the rubbish heap yesterday." It is an interesting production, giving the positions to be occupied by all the officers in the event of nearly every conceivable contingency, with elaborate instructions as to the working of the guns. We are prepared to hand this over to any responsible authority who takes sufficient interest in the matter to ask for it. But it is lucky it did not come into the possession of someone of the nationality after which the vessel was named!

Judge's Lodgings.

We are all getting so good that the gaols are being closed down everywhere. Some of the worst among us will soon be without a home. Hereford Prison put up its shutters twelve months ago, and Brecon has now followed suit. But Hereford is concerned because, while it is robbed of its prisoners, who are lodged in H.M. hotel at Worcester, it still has to maintain and keep up lodgings for the Judge on circuit. The said Judge comes down and tries prisoners in the town that is no longer permitted to offer them hospitality after they are found guilty, and he is provided with "lodgings" at a cost of £400 a year. As he uses them only about ten days in the twelve months it certainly does seem to be an expensive item for the city—£40 a day for "digs." It is dearer than the Ritz, and scandalous compared with Lockhart's.

Is *this* the Judgment?

The bishops and deacons and pastors who are so constantly telling us that this war is for our sins, and that the agony of our chastisement will not end until we seek redemption in a greater national holiness, should be rather shocked to read at least one incident of the Zeppelin raid Somewhere in England. "At a mission meeting," says the reporter, "a lady speaker, Bible in her hand, was practically cut in two and killed instantly as she was addressing the audience. She was the wife of a well-known doctor of divinity. Another lady—the sister of a titled gentleman—and a young girl were killed by the same bomb, and many of the audience, consisting chiefly of women and girls, were injured, while all the windows of the church and a portion of the vicarage was destroyed." Will the reverend theological babblers who roll off their glib tongues preposterous tales of judgment tell us whether *this* is the chastisement of the Lord for sins?

The Voice of the Navy.

The suggestion made by some of our readers that a testimonial should be presented to the Captain of the *Baralong* has found joyous approval from four Jack Tars, proud to sign their letter as belonging to the Royal Navy. They write from Poole way, where they are trying to win back health, for they suffered when a cruiser was torpedoed, only 23 men being saved out of 226. After their vessel sank, the poor, struggling fellows in the water, some of them maimed by the explosion, cried for "Mercy!" But they cried to Huns of the submarine variety. Says our sailor friend, speaking of his drowning messmates, "those swines in the submarine steamed over them and sank them. . . . We four survivors in Poole would give the Captain of the *Baralong* a gold medal as big as a frying pan." This sailor, who has seen and suffered, only wants to get strong enough to go aboard again. He has our best wishes that he may yet put in one blow in memory of his murdered mates.

Precious Paper.

Some of the daily journals, having started thinking furiously about a shortage of paper, are begging their readers to destroy none, but to save it so that it can be re-pulped and used again. One journal, you may have noticed, gave the address of a London mill where money could be obtained for the material in cwt. parcels. So a reader, who is a whale on Economy, scented cash in immediate prospect. He got a nice cwt. parcel of newspapers together and was about to dispatch it—but, being a downy bird, he decided to telephone for terms first. He was told he would be paid 6d. per cwt. for the paper delivered at the mill. As the cartage would be 1s., he decided that to economise by losing 6d. per parcel would be a fool's trick. So the children had a bonfire.

That Act!

At a moment of unexampled anxiety, the Treasury are faced with the virtual bankruptcy of the National Insurance Scheme. The Government are heavily in debt to the panel chemists, while the remuneration of the doctors—generous enough at the outset—has, upon one pretext and another, been reduced almost to the level of the old Friendly Society terms. Meanwhile, instructions have been issued that in the interests of economy, only cheap medicines, and not too much of these, shall be prescribed. Rather than face Parliament with the confession that their initial calculations were hopelessly at fault, the authors of the Act are ready, apparently, ruthlessly to sacrifice the interests of insured persons. It is a shabby business all round.

"Some" Friend!

Mr. Asquith, perusing a recent issue of the *Daily News*, might well have cried, "Save me from my friends!" For in its pages he would have found an article wherein the Editor sets out to praise him. "A. G. G.," surveying the Premier's conduct of the war; appears to find only one fault in it—to wit, what he characterises Mr. Asquith's "surrender of Lord Haldane to the basest calumny of this war." It appears that the Premier "sacrificed his friend to a coward cry because he placed his country before his most sacred private ties and his sense of honour." Having done this thing, Mr. Asquith was "ashamed to look himself in the face." The Premier's half-hearted dismissal of Lord Haldane was a reluctantly performed act of duty to the country, as well, probably, as a grudging concession to his own growing conviction that Haldane had irretrievably "put his foot in it." Besides, *why shouldn't he "put his country" before everything else?*

Who Pays?

We read almost daily of prosecutions for infringing the No-Treating Order. In the majority of instances the evidence is provided by police officers, who swear to having been present, in plain clothes, when the alleged offences were committed. The point that excites our curiosity is, who pays for these police officers' drinks? It goes without saying that they cannot enter a public-house bar disguised as ordinary customers without purchasing some refreshment, and putting the money down for it. Do they pay for the drinks consumed in pursuance of their pleasurable duty out of their own pockets, or are they provided with funds for the purpose by their official superiors? If the latter is the case, these spying policemen are obviously themselves guilty of infringing the No-Treating Order, and the superior officers who give them the wherewithal to buy their beer are guilty likewise. We would like to hear this point thrashed out before an intelligent Magistrate who is not afraid of the police.

For Classes and Masses the "John Bull" Pen is the thing.

Presumption.

"Before a Special Constable gives evidence in a police case, he should first consult his inspector." So runs a notice, signed "Frank H. Summers," and issued from the Barnes Police Station. We presume the intention is that the "Special" shall receive preliminary instruction in the importance of scrupulous veracity and meticulous accuracy in the presentment of his evidence. Let us hope we do not presume too far.

Figures.

A correspondent, with a weakness for figures, points out that our circulation for 1915 amounted to 59,393,984 copies, and then proceeds to calculate that, taking the price at a penny a copy, the paper realised in respect of sales, £247,474 18s. 8d. Then he tells us that, placing the various pages of the journal for the year side by side, they would cover 17,896 acres, or nearly 28 square miles. Placed end to end they would form a carpet 202,422 miles long; whilst they also represent 2,138,183,424 "pages of interest in readable, uncommon sense." What do you think of *that?*

Mad Margaret.

The folk most eager to discuss peace are those who, for the sake of an inconclusive settlement, are ready to give away most of what we have fought for. Among these unpatriotic twaddlers is Miss Margaret Ashton, a Manchester City Councillor, who has won a fair amount of unenviable notoriety by her reckless speeches upon war topics. "De-navalisation" is the principal bee in this lady's bonnet, her idea apparently being that when peace returns we should throw away our margin of naval superiority and leave our shores at the mercy of any foreign aggressor. If a man were uttering this egregious nonsense we might be moved to fierce remonstrance, but a lady—and a lunatic—shall never feel the full weight of our just wrath.

Saluting a Hun.

Windhuk is the capital of that part of South-West Africa which used to be German and is now British, and at Windhuk the ex-Governor of the former German territory, one Dr. Seitz, is detained as a prisoner of war. This is the fact of the matter, whatever may be the polite fiction, and we are amazed to learn that Dr. Seitz has been accorded a British "guard of honour," consisting of a sergeant and three privates, who once a day are required to turn out for the express purpose of presenting arms to the chief Hun. It is claimed, we believe, that this mummery is in accordance with "international usage," but it is none the less a piece of sickening humbug, and a gross affront to the British soldiers concerned.

An Appeal to Messrs. Gatti.

A patient in the Charing Cross Hospital asks us to appeal to Messrs. Gatti, the proprietors of the well-known restaurant, to restrain their servants from whistling for taxi-cabs during the otherwise "silent watches of the night"—or, if they *must* do so, to let the scene of the operations be the Strand exit from the restaurant, and not the one facing the hospital. At present it is quite impossible for the poor sufferers to get to sleep until after 1.30 a.m. As a matter of fact, it is strange that the police—who now cast a disapproving eye upon even clocks which strike during the whole of the twenty-four hours—should not have prohibited the raucous sounds which, despite the darkness, infallibly indicate the locality of the West End, thus, as we have already pointed out, serving as a guide for invading Zepps.

A Cocky Coroner.

Mr. J. Hyslop Bell, the Coroner of Stockton-on-Tees, appears to be suffering from cranial obesity. "You must not argue with me, sir," he lately admonished a juryman, "I have never in my life had a juryman who dissented from my observations." "But I am here to ask a question," persisted the juryman. "And I will not allow it," retorted the angry Coroner. And so the question was never put—although, if asked and answered, it might have thrown valuable light on the matter in hand. In the estimation of Mr. J. Hyslop Bell, a deaf mute would perhaps be an ideal juryman, but the ends of justice are of much greater importance than his personal whims.

The "Paper Famine."

A flimsy four-page circular has been sent out to employers of labour by the Ministry of Munitions. It is not the circular that arouses our interest, but the envelope in which it is enclosed. A "commercial" envelope would have held it comfortably; instead, it travelled in a gigantic cover of thick, strong, expensive paper, measuring 15 inches by 10 inches, and weighing over an ounce. The thin-paper circular in this great thick-paper envelope looked absolutely lost. If sent by one of the public, the postage of the cover alone would be twopence, but, being "On His Majesty's Service," of course it travelled free—to incommode the mails, to startle recipients, and to serve as one more "horrible example."

Our Daily Bread.

In these days of war there is never lacking an excuse—more or less plausible, if usually more or less false—for increasing the prices of foodstuffs and general household commodities. Over and over again we have pointed out, and proved from actual documents, that the large increase in the price of bread is an artificial creation of the millers and the bakers, who work together for each other's interests. What happened the other day? We were all previously warned by well-distributed newspaper paragraphs that the price of the quartern loaf would be increased another ha'penny on account of the rise in the price of flour due to, etc.—the same old story. When the day arrived, behold the quartern loaf was, truly enough, up a ha'penny, but the price of flour was down a shilling! What a game it is!

A Churlish Colonel.

In support of the complaint, made by Mr. Hale last week in these columns, that the efforts of Lord Kitchener to promote the comfort and efficiency of our troops are sometimes nullified by the "Mandarins," a correspondent now tells us of an incident which occurred the other day at a certain camp in Dorsetshire. He was instructed by a very old-established and highly respectable firm to see the Commanding Officers of various regiments, with a view to making certain business proposals coming well within the scope of their powers. In due course, through the channel of the Adjutant, he came into "the Presence"—to be greeted with "You are a tout, and touting is prohibited by the King's Regulations." The great man then tore up his visitor's card and threw it at his feet. The caller, who had travelled a long distance, was naturally chagrined by this discourteous and unusual reception, and was well aware that the Colonel's allegation was untrue. This sort of treatment, we venture to say, the officer would not dare to mete out to his own men—who are now, in spite of such pig-headed officialism, reaping the fruit of the efforts and far-sightedness of shrewd business men like the one who was thus so unjustly snubbed.

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"A BOMB FOR A BOMB!"

NO MORE MAUDLIN SENTIMENT—TERRIFY THE HUN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Do you remember what happened when, in defiance of the Hague Convention, Germany commenced using poisonous, asphyxiating gases in this war? Lord Kitchener—after a discussion with the politicians which I should much have liked to hear—went down to the House of Lords one day and announced his intention of giving the Huns a taste of their own medicine. And he has done it. We have demonstrated the fact that we have chemists as well as they. And they don't like it.

And do you remember the old Biblical injunction of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?

Well, to-day I plead for a new form of reprisal—a bomb for a bomb; only a larger and more murderous bomb—one that shall spread death and terror throughout the land of the enemy—killing, maiming, destroying, annihilating every living and every inanimate thing. *I am a Kitchener man.*

THE NEGLIGENCE OF THE NEUTRALS.

It would be different if the neutral Powers had bestirred themselves to stop these cruel abominations. But they haven't even uttered a protest. They have played no part for which in years to come Humanity will have cause to thank them. They have seen all that is of greatest and noblest import to the world lying bleeding in the shambles of the hell-fiends of Berlin, and they have made little more than a feeble bleat even when their own flesh and blood have been butchered without warning and without pity. "We have sat by Germany while Germany murdered our women and children on the high seas and bombarded unfortified towns," cries Mr. Roosevelt to the American people; "our failure to protest makes us in part responsible for her criminal misdeeds." It is indisputable that the business of neutrals in international law is to keep a fair ring for belligerents; but above international law has not there been from the first inception of this world-carnage piteous cries to Neutrals from Humanity and Civilisation, and even from the throne of God Himself, to resist with all their heart and soul and strength the barbarous diabolism of Germhun warfare? Long ago these Neutrals, to be worthy of a place in the family of man, should have bound themselves to each other by solemn league and covenant to put an end, by the exercise of force in the last resort, to the infamous crimes of the Zeppelin and submarine murderers. When the Madrid *Le Pais* protests to neutrals at the eleventh hour that it is time for them to interfere, it but voices this solemn responsibility and duty. "Neutrality is not indifference," it cries in a splendid phrase; "all European and American neutral countries are under a moral obligation to protest with all their strength." With the whole world against Zeppelinism, even to the point of the sword, Germhuny would be compelled to cease her aerial inhumanities. Neutrals should not forget that the bloody Germhun crimes against defenceless men, women and children in the open towns of the Allies to day may be repeated against themselves to morrow; and most assuredly would be repeated against them sooner or later if Germhuny were able as a result of this war to establish her infernal military dominion. Still, they are doing nothing.

Meanwhile, like a thief in the night, the Zeppelins have again come over the seas. They have dropped their death-dealing bombs on the old man in his chair; on the sleeping child, on the aged and infirm; *and the murderers have returned unmolested.* Do not let us waste our breath in curses. The Germhun knows what he is about. He is out to kill—to shatter not only the bodies but the souls of our people. But he does not know the stuff of which we are made. He does not understand that every bomb that falls is a recruiting sergeant doing good work.

FALSE "HUMANITY."

And now I call for vengeance. Who dares to stop us? There are brave and fearless flyers to-day biting their finger-nails to the flesh in vexation and indignation. Ready, and eager, they are straining to carry the war into the enemy's camp. Why do they tarry—what malign influence keeps them back? A false Christianity, a bastard humanity is paraded before the Government. The divine who has no divinity but the mask of the Master in which he disguises himself, lifts his stupid eyes in terrified horror at the suggestion that we shall do in Cologne, in Dusseldorf, at Mainz, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and—who knows?—over Berlin itself, what these murderers and marauders have done in those coast and inland towns where carnage and death have been wrought. We can do it; there is nothing to stop us but the smug "Christianity" of the men who prefer reading the burial service over the bodies of British women and children rather than that, forsooth, we should hurt the hair of the head of a single Hunnish child! At this moment we ought to be raiding, or preparing to raid, every Germhun town and city within the range of our aeroplanes. We are not doing it because the politicians who muddled and messed the war cannot make up what by courtesy I will call their minds, and are standing still upon what they are pleased to term the laws of humanity. Laws of humanity, indeed! After more than a score of Zeppelin raids and not far short of 300 deaths!

There is a humanity that looks to its own; there is a Christianity which teaches gentleness and protection for your own kith and kin. The beasts of the field defend their young; British men are told to grin and bear it; to remember, in the words of Sir John Simon, that the soldiers are taking their risks in the trenches and that we must take our risks at home! But what a difference! The

fighting men stand ready, with weapon in hand, to face and grapple with the foe. What bitter irony—what cruel humour—for our Ministers to say to the women and children in our crowded cities, in our great manufacturing centres, that while their men—their husbands, lovers and fathers—are working at the bench, or are fighting in the trench, this mighty country with all its resources cannot guarantee the safety of the home and children!

The neglect of the Government has been criminal; their folly, deadly. The warnings of the men who knew were laughed at; the derision which Ministers cast upon their critics has now turned upon themselves; their language of sarcasm has become the voice of accusation.

Trust the Government! Yes. Have not I, under months of miserable provocation, tried my best to keep the nation s mind steady in confidence and belief in the ruling powers? But how can I trust them, or ask those who respect my judgment to trust them, in this great and over-mastering question of air supremacy? What we have to do, here and now, is to stop these murderous raids. We *can* stop them. We can destroy the Zeppelins where they rest, ready and waiting for their next tour of death over our fair cities. My friend, Pemberton Billing, has promised me that in the next issue of JOHN BULL he will tell you how it can be done. It is my business to tell the Government that it *must* be done, and in the name of the dead and the wounded, of the suffering and the fatherless, to demand that they give the orders which will carry our avenging angels of the air over Germhun cities, and strike havoc and terror wherever they go.

Why have we no airships capable of doing what the Germhuns do? Mr. Churchill once promised the House of Commons that its members would soon see (was it half-a-dozen?) airships sailing over the clock-tower. We were also assured that if the Zeppelin came "a swarm of hornets"—a flight of aeroplanes—would go forth to meet him and tear the bird of prey to pieces. Where are the airships, where is the swarm? Now let us be done with all this mischievous nonsense. And let us use the weapon that we have, the weapon of reprisal. We cannot defeat the Zeppelin over these islands, that is certain. It is no secret. The Press Bureau and the Defence of the Realm Act cannot prevent me from making a statement which is plain for all the world to see. Defence of the Realm Act! *It is the Defence of the Government Act*—designed deliberately for *its* protection.

To day, I repeat, every inland city is open to attack—and until we get the man of courage, with experience and determination to develop and strengthen our air service, we are at the mercy of the foe. A humiliating confession? Yes, indeed. But I will be no party to hiding the collective head of the nation in the sands of deception.

TERRIFY THE HUNS.

But while we are at the mercy of the foe at home, we can so will it that he is at our mercy in his own land; we can send our gallant pilots, with their death-dealing aeroplanes, to the great cities of Germany. We can destroy his munition works; we can blast in their hundreds his training soldiers, we can shatter the vast sheds in which rest his Zeppelins. And if in the work of destruction we kill his women and his children—well, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Yes, and if we can, *two* eyes and *three* teeth. We know how the Germhun has squealed and cried on the few occasions when our gallant French Allies have sent their airmen over his "peaceful" cities, cities humming with the whirl of munition-making machines, loud with the tramp of marching men. We know that the very sight of aeroplanes, even when sent by the Germhun Government to carry out rehearsals over their own towns, has sent the people into paroxysms of fear, has meant the loss of life in the stampeding of the populace, has prematurely brought into the world little Huns. We know all this. We know, too, of what type is the Germhun frau, of what fibre the average Germhun man. *She* lacks the fine courage of our women—*he* cannot compare in moral mettle with the Briton.

NO KID GLOVES FOR MURDERERS.

"A bomb for a bomb." Let that be our Hymn of Hate; let the Germhun Government be told, with all the solemnity of a Proclamation signed by our King and his Ministers, that for every raid over British territory there shall be two over the lands of the Hun. And having proclaimed the scheme of revenge, having declared war not only on the Germhun soldier but on the Germhun nation, let us carry it out. We want no half-hearted measures; we want no kid gloves for murderers. This nation of mad dogs must be treated as the bloody brutes they are. Those members of his Majesty's Government whose hearts are too tender, whose minds are too "refined," to permit them to sanction this policy had better clear out. What use to deliver pathetic speeches in the House of Commons, to express sympathy with the bereaved, and at the same time make money out of a national scheme of insurance? That is not the way to either comfort our people or to rid us of the murderer that comes by night.

Coroners in their stupidity may deliver moral homilies, juries in their impotence may condemn the Kaiser and the Crown Prince as murderers. Whilst we are fooling, the joy bells are ringing in the streets of Berlin over our women and our children murdered as they slept. The people of Germany, the women and the children of the land of lust, are rejoicing over the mangled babe and the murdered child of our own land. "The only hope for the future of civilisation lies not in reprisals, but in the final exorcising of the spirit which can even imagine a justification of them." Thus the Cocoa Press. Was there ever such pestilential nonsense? The only hope for the future of civilisation lies in winning this war. We must take any and every means to beat the enemy; we can beat him and we *shall* beat him—of that I am as confident as ever I was. But we must meet him and beat him not only on land, not only on the sea whenever he dares to poke his nose out of the cupboard of the Kiel Canal, but in the air—pounding away over the lines, breaking down the communications, shattering his reserves.

A Bomb for a Bomb—An Eye for an Eye—A Tooth for a Tooth—and three Germans for every Britisher!

ROBBERS IN HIGH PLACES.

CORRUPTION IN OUR MIDST.—PLUNDERERS POSING AS PATRIOTS.

By A. G. Hales.

No man can make converts with bread-and-butter phrases. The time has arrived when some man must strike with the strength of a giant, and risk all, for corruption is rife in our midst. The other day Lord Rosebery, the last of the political big men, said, in a speech that was hidden away in odd corners of the daily Press, that "the selling of worthless horses to the British Army was one of the worst scandals of the South African war," and he added, "it is one of the scandals of the present war, for horses that were practically worthless are being palmed off on the Army at a cost of thirty, forty, and fifty pounds apiece." I do not give the noble Lord's exact words, but I render the exact spirit of his speech. The time has come when the force of public opinion must step in and put an end to the carnival of robbery, jobbery and corruption that encompasses us on all hands. I am the man who exposed the shameless thieving in the South African war, and if ever a man was nailed to the cross for doing his duty to his country I am that man. That is one of the reasons why I am not allowed to go to the battle fronts to-day—not that I might tell the enemy anything of value to him, but because I might tell the British people of much that is in process of being at this present hour. The people are wondering where all the millions of money are going. I know where a lot of that coin is trickling to. I cannot step into a court of law and prove it, but I *know*, and so will you know—some day.

Who Are the Culprits?

This thing is no secret; it is known all over the British Isles—our Allies know it. Men are asking why camels which I could buy for £50 are going to the Government at a cost of £200. It is the same with practically everything the soldier and his officer uses—the things the mariners eat, drink, wear, and make war with—the harpies have their arms up to the elbows in the public purse. There are a lot of people bleeding this country who ought to be bleeding for it. These things must be altered, and if public opinion will only direct itself in the proper channel the alteration will come like an avalanche sweeping all before it. It can be done, and done quickly and surely. Let a short Act be passed compelling every man who sells horses, camels, munitions, food, clothing and all that pertains to soldiers in war, *to sign a document placing the seller or trader under military law for the time being.* In a phrase, put the traffickers under Kitchener's thumb—not under any War Council, but under Kitchener; the public have mighty small faith in some of those Councils of Mr. Asquith, but the popular trust in the man of Khartoum is unshaken, Give Kitchener power to order a drum-head Court Martial in any and every case where he or his military advisers suspect dishonesty, and give him power to shoot men he finds guilty of robbing the country through the medium of the country's soldiers. Do you understand, Mr. Asquith, that millions of money have been and are being filched from the public purse? All the country knows it—none but those who are in league with the robbers can prove it—now.

In the Russo-Jap war this thing went on until some merchants and contractors were "drum-headed," and stood against the wall and sent to the Devil at the rifles' mouths; it will go on here until similar steps are taken. Let suspected men be tried by a court consisting of Kitchener, General Rundle and General Hunter, all men of unimpeachable honour; men who have lived in the fierce blaze of public life almost from boyhood, and have come through the ordeal without a whisper against their names; men who live only for their country's needs; men who have walked hand in hand with death since boyhood and never blenched, prizing nothing but their own stainless reputations and the honour of the country that bred them. I have watched all three of them at close quarters, and if I were an innocent man I would sooner be tried by them than by any three Judges in England. If I were guilty I wouldn't wait to be tried by them; I'd go over the edge of England into the sea, for there is little pity in them. We need men like that in these days; but what is the use of having the men if their powers are curtailed? What is the use of waiting until the war is over before these things are rectified? The evil is happening *now*. Let us stamp it out *now*. There are many gentlemen in London who are piling up thousands of pounds by serving useless, or next door to useless, things to our officers and men. Why aren't they shot? They deserve death. Everyone is talking of it in whispers, everyone knows it, and people say to me every day, "Why the Devil doesn't Kitchener shoot one or two and put the fear of Hell into the gang?" I smile grimly and pass on, for I *know* what the granite man would do if he had the power. Give him the power; it's yours to give. You, the people, are as sick of this wholesale robbery as I am, and I think he is. Remember he has been before you since he left school, and *his hands are clean.* I know what I'm writing about, for I've ridden such cattle as Lord Roseberv referred to in his speech—£40 knackers that go up and down in the same place when the thing's supposed to be galloping. I've a bullet scar on my forehead and an old ache from a smashed shoulder I owe to one of them, and I don't want any great-hearted boy to be done to death to swell the banking account of a thief.

A Word to the Government.

Gentlemen, this is a long-suffering nation, but it will want its pound of flesh at the finish. I told you in these columns a fortnight before it happened, that Germany intended to raid the Midlands from the air; you smiled. You may smile when I tell you that the British people will call *you* to account over the waste and theft that is going on, as no Government was ever called to account in Britain. You are supposed to be a Business concern. *Why don't you publish a balance-sheet, showing prices paid for the war material I have specified; and to whom paid?* Gentlemen, with all respect for your Party truce, I don't think you dare. What a document that balance-sheet (with vouchers) would be! Dare you produce it, gentlemen? Would the names of members of the Government figure on it as sellers of munitions, or so-called munitions, I wonder? And just by way of setting that interesting document off in all its pristine purity, I wonder if certain highly placed individuals would publish, as a casual footnote, the exact state of their bank balances six months prior to the war, and their actual bank balances to-day? Such a statement might have no bearing upon crooked contracts, but, at the same time, might add to the gaiety of the nation—there are many like myself who have a thirst for knowledge.

"THE SLANDER OF THE SLACKER."

COMMENTS OF A CANDID CRITIC OF COMPULSION.

By A Father.

(Our recent article by "A Father," under the above title, produced such an avalanche of correspondence that we have invited the author to deal with it.)

In writing my recent article on "The Slander of the Slacker" I did not expect to escape the shot and shell which has in fact been fired into me. I have before me a pile of letters which I cannot answer in detail, and therefore must deal with in a general way. And first of all I have to remark that maiden ladies, bachelors over military age, and parents without sons have no right to *any* view of compulsion. The "iffers" and the "would-an-I-could" people—who protest they would be soldiers if they were not too old, or too fat, or too thin, or of the wrong sex—are no more good in this war than a row of curates. They may be sincere, but "ifs" are not evidence that they are. I must also ask leave to retire from the discussion so far as my boy is concerned. That domesticity has gone far enough already, and I am not disposed to make answer to those who have nothing better to say or think of a delicate lad whom I love than that he must be mother's pet and father's darling and is thus a worm instead of a man.

Physical Culture and the Unfit.

I am told that Army training makes a delicate boy as fit as a fiddle; one dear lady speaks of it with such enthusiasm that one would imagine the object of this absurd, unnecessary, and unfair Single Man Compulsion Act is not only to give single men lessons in physical culture, but to pay them a whole shilling a day - with food thrown in—for teaching them. That the modern training of our splendid Army makes fit men fitter for inevitable hardship, peril, and sacrifice in the most splendid cause for which a nation has ever fought in human history, I know because I have seen; but I have also seen men passed by the doctor faint while standing in the ranks, and I can point to one battalion where scores of men after weeks of training had to be discharged medically unfit. They were, in fact, medically unfit when they passed in, and it requires little imagination to believe that after long marches and vigorous exercises they were more medically unfit when they were passed out. It is notorious that under the Derby scheme the pressure at times was so great that the doctors were able to make only the most perfunctory examination of recruits; it is not less notorious—if, that is to say, I am to believe what I read in the newspapers—that when the alleged slackers began to spurt up to the recruiting stations after the announcement that the Government had determined on compulsion for single men, forty or fifty per cent. presenting themselves were, in the soldier sense, physically no good at all. On the top of this we are told that the War Office instructed the recruiters not to be over-particular. "We are rejecting nobody," said a sergeant in one place; "we can find a job for all." It is this slacking in thorough medical examination which makes me anxious for these reviled weaklings, who would be much better left in the places where they are probably doing the only useful work they are fitted for. In the normal struggle for existence it is hard enough for them to obtain a meagre livelihood; to talk about their staying at home robbing better men of their work is sheer rubbish.

Compulsion—especially such crack-brained, haphazard, unequal, unfair compulsion as this—is to my mind unnecessary. It is not a policy; it is an accident due to a pledge forced upon the Government by the clamour of a newspaper sensationalist who has ratted on Tariff Reform, gone into hysterics over sweet peas, cultivated a monomania for standard bread, and for all I know to the contrary will presently be indulging a corybantic frenzy for mammoth mangolds, turnips, and pumpkins. Unless the Government casts them forth from their own offices, their own arsenals, their own controlled munitions works, and their own military canteens, where an army corps at least must be in hiding, I do not believe this Single Man Compulsion Act will bring in enough healthy "slackers," comparatively speaking, to make it worth while. If the Derby scheme had not been queered and muddled from its inception—if when it began to boom it had been allowed to continue booming, instead of being shut down for no other reason than that a date for closing had been previously fixed—Lord Kitchener would have got by the voluntary system all, or nearly all, the single slackers worth troubling about, and Mr. Asquith's pledge, which should never have been given, would never have had to be honoured.

If At All, Compulsion All Round.

If it had to be compulsion, it ought to have been compulsion all round within the age limit. Why should the single man alone be conscripted by the professional politicians who call themselves the State? Save that he makes a cheaper soldier—save that it is the duty of every fit and eligible man to offer himself to this cause by which as a nation we shall live or die—why should he be specially bludgeoned and branded by the Sweet-Pea and Standard-Bread Press as a slacker? After all, why should he be compelled to fight for the married slacker and his wife and kiddies? The married man did not get married and increase the population to oblige the single man or please the State, did he? Who has better claim, or better cause, to fight for the married man's wife and children than the married man himself?

And then there is the scandalous nepotism which makes this Slacker-Hunting Act so unfair. You drag the alleged slacker from his office stool when he is tapping a typewriter, or from behind a counter when he is selling hog's fat and pickled eggs, but you wink at him and pass along if you find him in the canteen of a profit-snatching Army contractor drawing beer or selling flor de Woodbines and Yankee-Germhun pickles. If he is poor and without influence, he will assuredly be conscripted even if he has not got enough fight in him to kill a cockroach; but if a relative has social or political influence, or is a Government official, or a member of Parliament, he is smuggled into some place or other where he can be labelled "Indispensable" and claim a card entitling him to play at working, in proof that Britons never, never, never shall be slaves. As matters were mismanaged there was no doubt the pledge had to be redeemed. What the value of the redemption will be remains to be seen. Redeemed as a matter of form, I cannot feel with confidence that as a matter of fact it will be anything except a delusion and a disappointment.

WANTED—INSPECTORS OF "SCRAP."

MILLIONS IN ARMY REFUSE.

By George Long.

The writer has visited most of the large Camps in the South of England in the endeavour to purchase certain articles (chiefly empty cases, bottles and jars), and also has been in contact with large dealers who buy all kinds of waste rags, metal and rubber; and there is no possible doubt that millions are thrown away every year by the destruction of surplus and waste articles which could be turned into money.

Wilful Waste.

To give one instance only, related to me by a large waste rubber merchant in the South of England. He heard that at a certain camp there were three tons of it, the worn out, solid tyres of motor lorries. He specially visited the place and tendered the C.O. 7d. per lb. for this rubber and offered to fetch it himself away from the camp. The proposal was refused—and the rubber carted away to the destructor and burnt!

At another camp there were about two thousand dozen empty jam jars, worth from 9d. up to 1s. 6d. a dozen. A dealer offered to take them and pay 6d. a dozen for them. All was arranged, and he sent his motor van for them—only to be told on arrival that the C.O. had had them broken up to mend the road!

At another camp, close by, a dealer saw a stack of new towels in perfect condition, and on inquiry was informed that they were "surplus stores not required and about to be burnt." He purchased the lot at 18s. per cwt., subsequently re-selling them at 3s. 6d. a dozen!

He was informed that a similar quantity had been burnt the week before. He was also able to save from burning (the invariable War Office way of dealing with all surplus stores) a quantity of Army blankets. These were purchased for a trifle and re-sold at 2s. 6d. each.

At most of the camps thousands of surplus or worn-out uniforms are burnt every week, although khaki rags are worth 9d. per lb. Even if (and this is very rarely the case) the old uniforms were infected with disease, they can be disinfected without impairing their value.

The Golden Dustman.

Then there is the question of bones and fat. It is calculated that two bullocks are killed every day for each battalion of 1,000 men, so that a little calculation will show the enormous number of carcases required. Each carcase contains about 3 cwt. of bones and fat, most of which is entirely wasted, though very valuable. Some camps sell it; others burn it! Even those who do sell it, do not make the best of it as they are selling the finest suet with the fat at 4d. per lb., and calling it "tallow." If this were carefully extracted and sent to cold store, it would be worth 1s. per lb.

Then again there are the old boots. The writer has seen tons of these flung out on the open down; but each boot, however much worn, is worth at least a penny as old leather, and there is no doubt that some of the footgear thus disposed of is worth considerably more.

Then there is the question of the disposal of empty glass bottles, etc. At the present time there is something like a famine in glass bottles. Wholesale dealers are offering 24s. a gross for empty white-glass gin and spirit bottles. All other bottles, such as sauce bottles, beer bottles, mineral-water bottles, etc., are equally inflated in price, and yet there are many camps where the C.O. will not sell them, but insists on sending them to the refuse destructor to be burnt.

I myself have called at camps and offered to take bottles, jars, etc., away by motor vans (all trouble to the Army being avoided), and pay good prices. I have been told there are none to sell, and have *seen the very bottles and jars I wished to buy carted away and destroyed.*

Let there be appointed, then, Business Men as "Inspectors of Surplus Stores," and do not permit *anything to be destroyed without their permission.* They need not be many in number, and the saving *in one day* would pay for them for a year.

DISGRACEFUL ATTACK ON THE KING.

LOQUACIOUS LIBERTINES.

As long as compulsory military service was a remote possibility there was something to be said for ignoring the vapourings of the "No Conscription" fanatics, and allowing their propaganda to die the natural death of unpatriotic folly; but with the passage of the Compulsory Service Bill this agitation assumes a graver aspect, which it would be dangerous to overlook. For honest opponents of conscription we have a measure of respect, but it is idle to deny that hostility to compulsory military service has, in many instances, been made a cloak for seditious enmity to the national purpose in the war. In deciding to refrain from any agitation for the repeal of the new Military Service Act, the Labour delegates at Bristol have taken a wise and patriotic course, and the assurance of Sir John Simon and his Parliamentary associates, in a similar sense, is welcome evidence of loyal intention. In the emergency of war, normal rights of free speech are necessarily curtailed, and nothing is more to be deprecated than captious and malevolent criticism of the means taken to raise the necessary levies of fighting men.

A Scurvy Fellowship.

Genuine opposition to the Government scheme having been suppressed by the common consent of patriotic critics, there remains the spurious agitation of the No Conscription Fellowship, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and other offshoots of the seditious Union of Democratic Control, and the treasonable nature of this propaganda needs no demonstration. It is enough that it is directed and controlled by men notorious for their factious opposition to every patriotic aim, and for declared hostility to the warlike purpose of the nation. If further evidence of treasonable intent be needed, it is to be found on every page of their published "literature." For the worst outbursts of traitorous spleen it is not always easy to fix personal responsibility, nor are we concerned nicely to discriminate between persons and parties bent on a common seditious purpose. Members of Parliament and other prominent persons are, no doubt, content that the groundlings of the "peace" movement should do the dirtiest work, but they cannot be allowed to escape responsibility for productions framed in the spirit of their more subtle pronouncements. Among the worst specimens of this printed treason was the recent "Open Letter to His Insensate Majesty King George V."—we quote the heading of a scurrilous leaflet bearing the imprint of the Brotherhood Church, Beeston, Leeds, and ascribed to one "T. H. Ferris."

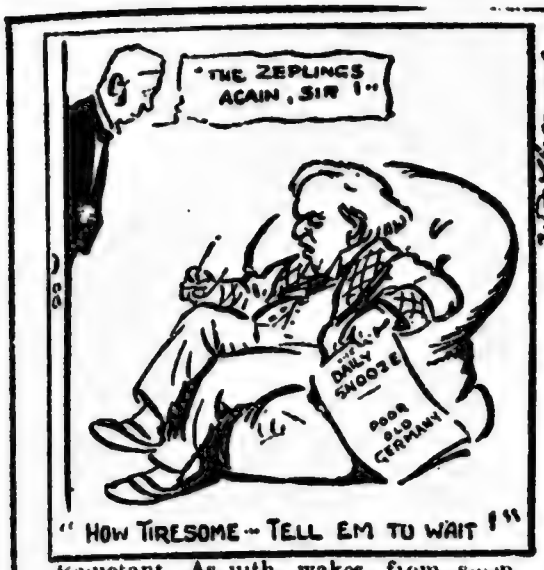
"Piety" and Patriotism.

In the course of this dastardly print the writer is permitted, apparently with impunity, to apostrophise the King as "a consummate liar," and to describe British participation in the war as "an unspeakable orgy of assassination." To our knowledge this leaflet has been printed in quantities—the printer ought to be known to the Leeds police—and distributed, not merely in the North of England, but as near London as Southend. Hardly less nauseous are the repeated appeals to "servants of Christ" and "lovers of religious freedom" to impede the war policy of the Government on the ground that "Men's deepest religious and moral convictions must not be swept aside." Piffling piety of this sort can only be explained upon one of two suppositions. It is either gross hypocrisy or rank stupidity. Every responsible Christian community in the land has proclaimed its adherence to the Allied cause, while it is equally incontestable that the future of civil and religious liberty the world over is inseparably bound up with the British fortunes of war. It is for this supreme reason that the freedoms of the moment are in suspense, while the liberties of all time are made sure and unassailable. The sword is mightier than the pen, but the pen may be a fruitful source of mischief, and where liberty has degenerated into licence, a summary remedy should be found.

The delightful Pen is the "John Bull" Pen.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



Reluctant. As with wakes from sleep
(He takes his *Daily Snooze*)
While Zeppelins o'er England sweep,
Exacting ghastly dues.

Meanwhile John Bull, his patience gone,
Thinks T.N.T. in tons,
And meditates reprisals on
The cities of the Huns—

Whereas the red-tabbed officer
Maintains his callous calm,
Because there was, for all the stir,
No *military* harm.

A problem stiff for Uncle Sam
Comes suddenly to light.
What should they do with the *Appam*
Who are too proud to fight?

The darkened streets more victims slay
Than Zepps from o'er the sea;
Behold above the only way
To gain security.

Though short of tonnage, we allow
Hun ships which we have caught,
With empty hold and idle prow,
To rest at peace in port!

PERTINENT POSERS.

A "WHYS" MAN OF CARLISLE.

A Carlisle reader, describing himself as "a Chota Sahib," fires off at our unoffending head a perfect fusillade of conundrums, such as:—

Why is not an Admiral Minister of the Navy, *i.e.*, First Lord of the Admiralty?

Of what earthly use is a Philosopher or a Lawyer, or even a Militia Cavalry Officer in a position of this kind?

What is the use of Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions, with drapers, barbers, and gardeners as Inspectors of Shell Manufacture?

The Government has spoken of the Dardanelles expedition as "a gamble." What do the Anzacs call it?

Who was to blame for the loss of 43,000 men in the Gallipoli advance of September last?

Is it in the public interest to suppress facts?

Why pay pensions to foreigners whose sons are fighting against us?

Why is not every German removed from the Army, Navy and Civil Service?

Why are Germans allowed to reside at Forest Hill?

Who is muzzling the guns of the British Fleet?

Why were the searchlights in Bombay Harbour made in Germany?

Why are uninterned Germans allowed to live peacably upon the East Coast?

And why *will* people ask such inquisitive questions of a Ministry of All the Talents?

ONE MORE ANGEL.

The soldier's friend was plaguing him
For relics of the war,
At length he wrote, "I'm sending you
Just what you asked me for;
You'll see that it's a German shell,
I found it, unexploded,
But, take care—though the fuse is gone,
The blamed thing still is loaded!"

Now Jim, when he received the shell,
Instead of saying thanks,
Remarked, "I s'pose he thinks we're fools,
Just notice how he swanks;
He wants to frighten me, but no,
To fear I am a stranger,
I'm going to open that same shell,
To prove there is no danger."

Now Jim a hammer has procured,
A chisel, too, he's got,
He guides its business end, and straight
Inserts it in the slot;
Up goes the hammer! It descends. . . .
And Jim? Ah, do not fret!
He must have gone to heaven, for
He hasn't come down yet.

—RICHARD MORTON.

£1,000 is a Fortune. It awaits you in this week's "Bullets."

THE TENANT'S CHARTER.

DON'T LET YOUR LANDLORD BLUFF YOU.

The Increase of Rent and Mortgage Interest (War Restrictions) Act, 1915, more popularly known as the Rents Act, is now in operation throughout the United Kingdom, and from the law reports it is possible to form a fairly accurate estimate of its advantages and defects. A recent case at the Waltham Abbey County Court, to cite one of many examples, affords a clear illustration of the working of the Act. A landlord's agent applied for possession of a house at Enfield Lock, the tenant, a munitions worker, having declined to pay an advance of 2s. on a weekly rental of 10s. 6d. In a single question from the Bench the crux of the situation was reached: "Does he regularly pay his old rent?" The agent was bound to admit that he did. "Then," declared the Judge, "I shall make an order entitling him to remain in possession until six months after the expiration of the war, so long as he pays the old rental." There, in a nutshell, lies the Rents Act of 1915. Like the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1914, to which it is largely supplementary, the Rents Act is a temporary war emergency measure, terminable six months after the conclusion of peace. It applies only to houses of modest rental, its purpose being to prevent the exploitation of the wage-earning community; and, to avoid misunderstanding, it is important to notice the upward limits of annual rental beyond which the Act has no operation.

THE LIMITS OF RELIEF.

These are in London £35, in Scotland £30, and elsewhere in the United Kingdom, including Ireland, £26. Where rates are paid by the landlord, the inclusive sum payable by the tenant is to be regarded as his rent for the purposes of the Act, and the landlord will not be permitted to raise the rent indirectly by transferring to the tenant the burden of rates. Subject to one or two qualifications, the Act provides that any increase of rent levied since the beginning of the war shall be irrecoverable at law. The tenant may pay if he chooses, but he is not bound to do so. The landlord cannot sue him for the money, nor distrain upon his goods, nor turn him out of his house as long as the old rent is regularly paid. Where an increased rent is demanded, the tenant should tender the old rent, and that only, stating his reliance upon the provisions of the Act. The exceptional cases in which increased rent is sanctioned are readily understood. If the landlord pays the rates, and these have been increased, the balance may lawfully be demanded from the tenant. If the landlord has carried out structural alterations, as distinct from mere repairs, he is entitled to recover, by an increase of rent, a fair interest upon his outlay. Rent increased since the war, and already paid, cannot be recovered, and if any such increased rent has been in arrear since November 25th last, it must be paid, increase and all; but as from the commencement of this year, only the old rent will be payable, the increase being cancelled by the Act. Meanwhile, the owners of houses affected by the Act are protected against advances of interest upon any mortgages with which their property may be charged.

"NUISANCES" BANNED.

Is it permissible, then, to conclude that a tenant who regularly pays his old rent has an absolute security against ejectment during the period of the Act's operation?

Broadly this is so, but there are one or two points to remember: The tenant must not commit damage. He must not annoy his neighbours or be guilty of any nuisance. Apart from the question of rent, the old grounds upon which the landlord might terminate the tenancy are still open to him—as, for instance, that he requires the premises for his own occupation. Upon this score, an order for possession was recently granted at the Sheffield County Court. Even in this event, however, the Act stipulates that the requirement of the landlord shall be "reasonable." Given just and sympathetic administration, the Act seems fairly well adapted to the ends in view.

A MAN'S CHARACTER.

FALSELY ACCUSED AND SUMMARILY DISMISSED.

To a right-thinking man, his good character is his most precious possession. Because he claims he has been robbed of this prized thing, unjustifiably and unmercifully, a reader lays his cruel case before us. He was employed at the Munitions of War (Badge Department), 29, Abingdon Street, S.W., as a temporary packer. One day recently he was called into an upstairs room and confronted by a couple of detectives, who told him that badges had been missed from parcels packed by him, and the suggestion was made that he had abstracted them. This he strenuously and indignantly denied; and on top of his denial, he pointed out that it would have been idiotic to take badges from parcels given into his care, because, had he wished to steal, it would have been simpler to help himself from the packets and loose heaps that lay about unprotected in the badge room. In such a state of affairs, it is no surprise to hear of the things being sold round town, as it is said they were.

However, this packer, after being roundly abused, was sent back to his work, with the final reminder, "We have not accused you." This was no consolation to him, for he had been flatly told he was a liar and a thief, and it rankled. So next morning, being anxious to assert his innocence, he applied for advice to a Police Court Magistrate, but was told that he had no remedy. In the afternoon he returned to work, only to be once more interviewed by detectives and closely questioned as to his history and past life. Immediately afterwards he was instructed by the head of the office to finish up and leave, not because he was accused of stealing the badges, but "because it was all unsatisfactory, and suspicion fell on him."

We agree that the position is "unsatisfactory"; nothing could be more so. If the man is accused, let him be tried. He claims the right to clear his character, Justice should grant it.

THE PEACE "PROFITS."

YANKEE BLUFF FOR BRITISH WORKMEN.

Like one or two other Yankee millionaires, Mr. Henry O. Ford, of "Peace Ark" fame, is prodigal of gold where his pet fads are concerned; but business is business, and the Ford Motor Company, of Trafford Park, Manchester, are not noted for exceptional generosity in their relations with labour. Indeed, the Company have, upon several occasions, been in active conflict with the trade unionists of Manchester, who have ventured from time to time to claim a larger share in the handsome profits of the concern. Some time ago a profit-sharing scheme was set on foot, but the project was so hedged around with restrictions as to be shorn of practical value. In the first place, candidates for co-partnership were required to submit to a detailed inquisition into their private circumstances, financial and domestic—the form issued for this purpose containing over seventy questions, few of them having any very obvious relevance to the business in hand. Applicants were required to state not merely the details of their domestic situation, but the extent of their hire-purchase obligations and other indebtedness, including arrears of club payments and insurance premiums. They were further pressed for particulars of their recreations and "habits," invited to submit for reference the name of their family doctor, and to state, among other absurdities, whether the air in their dwelling-houses was, on the whole, "fresh" or "foul." The purpose of the Company seems to have been to scare the workmen off their precious "profit-sharing" scheme, or, failing this, to set as many pitfalls for them as possible, in the hope that before the end, some disqualifying admission might appear. This, at any rate, is how the matter was viewed by the local trade unionists, who are inclined to smile a little bitterly at the benevolent pretensions of their white-winged American "boss."

North, South, East, West, Zepps. may come. See page ii of cover.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

SUBALTERN SILLINESS IN SOMERSET.

"Dignity and Impudence" was the subject of a famous painting, but in the manners of a single individual the blend of these qualities is seldom impressive. This sage reflection may be commended to Lieutenant Simpson, of the 260th Company, Army Service Corps, who was lately summoned to the Wells (Somerset) Police Court for failing to carry a rear lamp upon his motor-car. As far as we know, there has been no particular distinction about the brief military record of Lieutenant Simpson, but he is evidently a person of some importance in his own estimation, as was evident from the moment of his contact with the police. It seems that the absence of a tail light on the car was first reported to P.C. Berry by a soldier in the Lieutenant's company, who for some reason or other seems to have had no particular goodwill towards the officer, and on proceeding to the Market Place the Constable found that the sorry tale was only too true. Berry drew the Lieutenant's attention to this fact, being instantly favoured with an angry and contemptuous retort. "If I had been a German conscript," the constable told the Magistrates, "I could not have been spoken to in a more uncivil manner." It is possible that part of the blame may have rested with the police officer, who ought perhaps to have prostrated himself before the spectacle of subaltern greatness presented to his bucolic gaze. "Take your hands out of your pockets," he was admonished, "and stand to attention when you are addressing an officer." At the Police Court, the Lieutenant appears to have denied the offence, behaving throughout the proceedings with a childish impertinence which, had he been a few years younger, might very properly have earned him a sharp application of the flat hand. "I have had a great deal of experience in police-court work," observed Superintendent Sparkes, "but I don't know that I have ever seen a man treat a Bench of Magistrates in such a manner as you have, not even a drunken man brought into court." The upshot of the affair was that the Lieutenant was convicted and fined a sovereign. We need scarcely add that Lieutenant Simpson's commission is of quite recent date.

ECONOMY IN EXCELSIS.

"GENEROUS" GUARDIANS WHO PINCH PAUPERS.

In the matter of war-time economy the last meeting of the members of the Bermondsey Board of Guardians probably constitutes a national record. First of all Mr. D. Williams, the Chairman of the Finance Committee, proposed a resolution to make to Mr. Edward Pitts Fenton, the Clerk to the Board, an allowance of £150 "for the preparation and collection of information required for, of, or by the Guardians, respecting matters submitted to the management, supervision and control of the Guardians during the past year, and that the allowance be continued annually." We had always imagined that this sort of thing was a Poor Law Clerk's ordinary job, but leave the ratepayers to settle the question at the next election. Having made Mr. Fenton quite happy in his mind, and doubtless appreciative in his manner, they proceeded to cut off the supply of ha'penny picture papers to the pauper children. Roused to further economical enthusiasm, the faithful Guardians of the Poor and the people's purse betook themselves to Shirley—made all cosy inside with a five-course lunch at the public expense (peradventure with wine and cigars therewith)—travelling in first-class carriages to Croydon, whence they were driven to the schools in taxis. Finally, they decided to pay £10 for a greenhouse and expend £10 on fruit trees; and if they had stayed up very much longer they would probably have ordered champagne suppers for the workhouse officers. Having regard to this record performance, we venture to suggest that a reward of merit—say, the jawbone of an ass, decorated with a silver plate suitably inscribed—should be presented to each member by the Mayor of the Borough.

"AFTER TWENTY YEARS."

SECRETARY'S LAME LETTER OF EXPLANATION.

Last December we told the story of a prosecution by the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Limited, of a grocery clerk in their employ. He had been a good servant for twenty years, his father before him held a similar record, but his wages were 25s. a week; he had a wife and three children, it was a terrible struggle to provide them with bread—and he stole a piece of bacon. He was bound over, the Magistrate saying it was a sad thing to see a man like defendant forfeit a life character. Our comment was that all the blame did not attach to the clerk; some of it clung to the Managers, Directors, and shareholders who treated long years of faithful service as unworthy of a bare living wage.

One gentleman, a shareholder, was inclined to agree with us, and he wrote to the Secretary of the Society, asking for some light on the matter. He has sent us the Secretary's reply:—

> I beg to inform you that the rate of wages varies according to the ability of the employee and the state of the labour market. Regulations as to wages are within the strict competence of the Board.

It is a soulless letter, treating men as merchandise, to be bought at market rates. It is the voice of a "Board," consisting of a number of moving atoms without consciences, who coalesce periodically for money-grubbing purposes only—a Board without feelings of its own and indifferent to those of others. Our correspondent, who is a gentleman of high position and reputation, says of it:—

> I do not consider that the enclosed is a satisfactory reply. A man who gives year after year of his time in working for a firm deserves good treatment.

It is not necessary for us to say that we cordially agree, but we must say that the poor grocery clerk did not receive from the Army and Navy Stores the "good treatment" he deserved. He was driven to commit a wrongful act by a system that studies "the state of the labour market," instead of the state of its own servants.

THE CHICKS AND THE CHEQUE.

SLOW WAYS OF "THE FIRM WITH THE NAME."

When tradespeople advertise themselves as "The Firm with the Name," it behoves them to take care lest customers wonder what kind of name theirs really is. Messrs. G. Sutton and Sons, Wholesale Poultry Salesmen, 30, King Street, Royal Mint Street, E.C., is the firm in question; and they announced their wish to purchase poultry and eggs at the highest London prices. Last November a reader got into communication with them, and was informed that the current price for "Large Live Fat Old Hens" was from 3s. 9d. to 4s. 9d., while chickens were at 3s. 3d. to 4s. 3d. So he sent sixteen hens. Safe arrival was notified by Sutton and Sons, and the empty crates were returned, but no money arrived. A polite request for cash brought a post-card, dated November 30th, coolly stating: "We are giving the matter of your small account our best attention in course of post." Another postcard, dated December 3rd, promised a "reply" on "Tuesday next." And, in spite of applications, even by registered letter, that was all—until we were asked to take the matter up.

We communicated with Sutton and Sons on January 24th, asking for an explanation, and, the very next day, these people—The Firm with the Name—precipitately sent direct to our reader a letter enclosing a cheque for £1 4s., "for your 16 poor wastey Hens. This class of Hen is no use to us whatever. These poor Hens are valueless to us, and we would rather not receive any more of them." They will certainly receive no more hens from that quarter, though the ones paid for at 1s. 6d. each, instead of "3s. 9d. to 4s. 9d.," were not "wastey," but good and fat. It is instructive to note that, though the cheque was posted, as we have indicated, on January 25th, the letter was dated December 10th—an artful endeavour to cover up dilatory methods.

Have you a beautiful child? If so, see "Everywoman's."

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

SIR,—May I offer my respectful congratulations on the broad humanity and fine sentiment of your speech as Chairman of the Committee under the War Pensions Act? In this, to quote your own words, your "first great public undertaking," you are giving the influence of your high position to a work of mercy and *justice*. No man who has fought and has been maimed in this cruel war must ever eat the bitter bread of Charity, and no widow or orphan must ever be allowed to suffer because husband or father has died that we might live. You, Sir, realise this to the full, and the sentiments to which you have given expression will be, I hope and believe, the guiding principle of the proceedings of your Committee. In the name of the soldier I thank you, Sir.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I have been looking over the Report of the Board of Trade Sub-Committee on Foreign Trade Relations, which appears to contain a number of useful suggestions for the regulation of British commerce after the war. Several of my own proposals seem to have been appropriated without acknowledgment; but to this I am quite accustomed, and I make not the least complaint. I notice that you accept no personal responsibility for the contents of the Report—which means, I suppose, that you are waiting to see which way the Party cat is going to jump. You may take it from me, however, that there won't be a kick left in the poor beast after the war.

JOHN BULL.

To E. W. Collinson, Esq., Halifax.

FRENZIED "FRIEND,"—You may be a very good Quaker, but you are a very poor specimen of a Yorkshireman. That meeting over which you presided the other night saved itself from shame by the presence and the protests of wounded soldiers, who have fought for you and the likes of you. You have a "conscientious objection" to war, but you have no objection to making money out of Government contracts for feeding the troops. In other words, your conscience does not work when your pocket is in question. It is no use your pleading that you are only one of three directors in your business. If you had a consistent conscience you would withdraw from a business which is making money out of the war. "I have no objection to feeding men, but I have to killing them," you said. What sloppy nonsense! We feed our gallant fellows that they may be strong to kill the Germhun, and you by feeding them are helping to kill the foe—whilst at the same time you are making money. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, and may it make you sick.

JOHN BULL.

To Lieutenant-Commander Berg, Norfolk, Virginia, U.S.A.

DEAR HERR LIEUTENANT,—No doubt I shall hear in due course how the *Moewe* had got loose, and by the time I do so I shall probably learn that your short, romantic and not discreditable career has come to an end. We British like a man who plays the game, and from all I can hear not only you, but the Commander of the *Moewe* as well, played it—instead of disgracing it as murderers and fiends. We shall get the *Moewe* all right; also should the U.S. Government give you the chance, and should you take it, of bringing your defenceless British "prize" into the open again, I think we shall beat you all right too, —but in that case you shall certainly have no reason to complain that we treat you at all badly. We are grateful to you for taking the *Appam* and her passengers and crew into a neutral port, without having murdered a single one of them. I fear, however, you have irretrievably lost the Iron Cross.

JOHN BULL.

P. S.—Or can it be that the bullion on board influenced your conduct?

To Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt.

DEAR "TEDDY,"—Plain speaking is ever to my liking, and I welcome your frank espousal of the cause of the Allies. No less interesting are your scathing allusions to the continued neutrality of the United States. "The principle of non-intervention as now practised among us," you declare, "is as selfish and cruel as the moral frenzy of conquest, and differs from it only by being not only malignant, but dastardly." For the amity of international relations it is perhaps fortunate that these scalding words should have been uttered by an American citizen, but the most hostile critic of the policy of Washington could scarcely have stated the case against neutrality in more trenchant terms. More power to your "big stick."

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. H. J. Tennant, M.P., Under-Secretary for War.

DEAR MR. TENNANT,—Perhaps you will be good enough to find out who is responsible for the aerial defence of these Islands, and to show him this letter, with my compliments. The recent Zeppelin attacks serve to point the moral of the Mile End election, and clearly demonstrate that our defensive arrangements are still a long way behind the requirements of the situation. I don't want you to answer this suggestion in your best Parliamentary manner—but, as I say, to find out the responsible parties, and tell them from me that the public are by no means satisfied with the present position of affairs. There must be a big alteration.

JOHN BULL.

To Captain Robert Hughes, Criccieth, Wales.

DEAR SKIPPER,—The story of the recent encounter off Gibraltar between your vessel, the s.s. *Woodfield*, and a German submarine, is as fine a tale of British pluck as I have read for many a day. For four hours, with a single gun, you kept the pirates at bay, abandoning your ship only when the last hope of saving her had gone. It was a fine performance, worthy of the best traditions of the British Merchant Navy, and reflecting the highest credit on yourself and your gallant crew. I am glad to know that your wounds are not serious, and I trust your recovery may be speedy and complete. Here's to you!

JOHN BULL.

To Hector E. Monro, Esq., J.P., Edmondsham.

GELID JUSTICE,—Was it absolutely necessary for you to drag before the Cranborne Bench, of which you are an ornament, the lady gardener who—impressed by the newspaper clamour for economy—had, rather than see them rot, taken three-pennyworth of brussels sprouts from the garden of one of your unoccupied cottages at Edmondsham? Seeing that the lady called upon you to explain and apologise, I think you might well have left it at that. Instead, you compelled the venial offender's attendance in court, where you descended in all your awful majesty from the Bench, and yourself gave evidence against her. It is true that you did not press the charge, and that the unhappy economist was discharged on payment of 4s. costs. Nevertheless, I think chivalry might have prompted you to dispense altogether with the aid of the police court in this instance. Did you never "sneak" an apple in your boyhood days?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. F. B. Meyer, M.A., D.D.

DEAR SLOP MERCHANT,—I gather that you are about to enter the journalistic business; hence this word of greeting. You have been "led to think" that "a service magazine containing matter of the highest character, —messages of comfort and cheer, readable extracts from the best sources, and tidings of sympathy from those in the homeland, who pray for them constantly—would be highly valued" by the men of his Majesty's Forces. Perhaps so, but I can imagine the sort of slush you would be likely to produce, and I would remind you that our soldiers and sailors have a strong fancy for choosing their own literature. Moreover, there is already in extensive circulation among them a journal subserving all the requirements you name. In all modesty, I subscribe the title.

JOHN BULL.

There's no better than the best. Use a "John Bull" Pen.

BLOCKADED!

(Great Britain, the Greatest Naval Power in the World, has no Sailor on her War Council.)

AN ARTFUL DASIE.

THE TIP TIPPED TO A TIPSTER.

The touting tipster becomes a decided nuisance when he pesters uninterested people through the post with unsolicited circulars and "literature" conceived in his own peculiar style. He adds to the offence when his objectionable printing is sent in an open, unsealed envelope to a lady who knows him not and is by no means desirous of his epistolary attentions. In the case under notice the offender is Fred Dasie, of Childwick House, Lewisham, London.

Fred Dasie's Special Offer is a "Money Return" affair, so he says. He offers "A Champion for Next Friday," and he requires 20s. only for the whisper. What is more, he promises "Money returned in full if selection is by any chance beaten." This Dasie of a tipster says his "One-Horse Selection will Score very Easily"; he does not select two horses, presumably because two cannot win the same race—unless it is a dead-heat. But he is not going to mention anything more till he gets his 20s.—or your 20s.—this discretion being "to prevent copyists trading upon the intelligence." But he is surely trying to trade on other people's want of intelligence when he asks them to send a sovereign in the dark, trusting to him to send it back if his "winner" should turn out a loser. He has other offers to make; he is "much too busy to enter into any lengthy rigmarole," but he will find time to send a "Good Winner" if you post him, immediately, the sum of 5s. Or you may have "5 Occasional Discretionary One-Horse Telegrams" for 21s. If your discretion is permanent, or only occasional, it will be advisable to leave Mr. Dasie alone in his field. Burns called the daisy a "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower." We do not know whether this Lewisham Dasie is wee—or crimson-tipped; but he is certainly not modest. His pretensions are, in fact, rather impudent, and his actions are decidedly so when he pushes his "crimson tip" through a lady's letter-box.

CUT IT SHORT!

ONE ASPECT OF THE PAPER FAMINE.

By Norman Tiptaft.

After many years the ordinary British taxpayer has something to thank the Chancellor of the Exchequer for—he has prohibited the unlimited import of paper—the paper on which bills, summonses, disagreeable letters, tedious articles, "expert" opinions and quite a lot of other things that we don't want are written or printed. Where the tailor sent us half-a-dozen reminders, one will have to suffice. Where the "expert" used up six columns every Sunday, one or two, at the most, must do. The long letter that came from the club bore will be cut down to a postcard. The spring poet who meandered into the editorial sanctum with yards of manuscript will have only half a sheet of notepaper. The typist will be free to help on munitions and the secretary will probably enlist. Only remains the writer of articles like this. In the ordinary way I could have spun it out to a column, and when it was finished it would have conveyed my message no better than it does at a third the length. That message is just that you waste a lot of time reading things that don't matter, and a lot more in writing two words where one will do. Stop it *now*, and save your own time and the other fellow's as well.

That's all!

"SO SIMPLE."

Every kiddie—and grown-up—should buy the current issue of *Everywoman's*, as given away is a wonderful "self-making" toy. It is the first of an attractive series which will form a complete circus. These amusing and ingenious animals cannot fail to delight all children—even those of "larger growth."

A RING AND A NOTE.

WHERE A "POLITE LETTER WRITER" IS WANTED.

A gold ring, of such poor quality that a pawnbroker refuses to have any dealings whatsoever with it, is not an acquisition for which one is content to pay through the nose. So an aged lady, having been beguiled into taking such a thing on the instalment system, resolved to cut her loss when she discovered the nature of her bad bargain. When next the canvasser called, she handed the ring back to him, desiring to see no more of it. Neither has she. But she has heard of it.

Her correspondents are Thorne and Co., of 59-61, Hatton Garden, E.C., a firm of jewellers whom we have had to refer to more than once, and never with any pleasure on our part. Thorne and Co. affect to ignore the fact that the trinket has been returned to their man, and they have the presumption to write in these terms:—

> Dear Madam,—Comment in respect of the Gold Ring (hired property) obtained in —— is (apparently) useless. We (in order to finally and decisively deal with the matter) hereby give you warning that should the said property fail to reach us on or before Saturday Morning next we shall not hesitate to forthwith place the matter in the hands of the Police for recovery and illegal detention with intent to defraud. We do not intend to sit still any longer and be robbed with impunity and contempt.

The letter is an impudent attempt to bluff an old lady who has certainly never dreamed of robbing them with impunity while they sat still. Contempt she may feel for their business style, but she is not to blame for that. If the ring has "failed to reach them," they should ascertain from their own canvasser the reason of delay, for in his hands it commenced its journey. The insinuation that the police could be impressed into their service is a mere bogy. The letter is, indeed, a farrago of threats, nonsense, and semi-legal phrases, specially compiled to startle simple-minded people. In the present case the plot fails; but such a style of correspondence is none the less discreditable.

"PRINTERS' PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Daily Chronicle":—

"Hostile aircraft visited the town of —— just after midnight. Practically all the inhabitants were in bed, and the sky was so dark that the raiders arrived and went away UNOBSERVED. . . . The Zeppelin was DISTINCTLY SEEN by thousands of people."

"Liverpool Daily Post":—

"A number of British warships IN GERMAN SUBMARINES have been observed just outside territorial waters."

"Tottenham and Edmonton Weekly Herald" (advertisement):—

"Reliable work for PONY and covered van; two or three days a week; INELIGIBLE."

"St. Luke's (Birmingham) Parish Magazine":—

"We give below a list of the various trades and professions (of advertisers) and trust friends will at least GIVE THEM A TRIAL, and we feel sure they will be well satisfied:— . . . . UNDERTAKERS: Ambler Bros."

"Yorkshire Weekly Post":—

"The GOLDFISH, we fear, is becoming rarer on the East Coast every year At one time they might occasionally be seen near Filey, especially in autumn and winter. Several years have gone by, however, since we last caught a glimpse of their YELLOW-LINED WINGS."

"Kildare Observer":—

"One of the fugitives, my newspaper tells me, has a WATCH which shows the days and months of the year, and SPEAKS ENGLISH FLUENTLY."

"Star":—

"Occasionally they (Royal Naval Air Service cars) may 'honk' for the benefit of a slow nursemaid, but usually they just whizz round her, and all that one SEES is the DRAUGHT they make."

Want £1,000? Try "Bullets" this week.

A source of Inspiration

Chairman Juniors 10 for 3P

When you're stumped for happy notions with a bored imagination,
When you need a mental tonic, or a source of inspiration.
Try CHAIRMAN JUNIORS.

Try them and see. They are really good and you will like them. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made just a trifle smaller that they may be sold at 10 for 3d. They have a pleasing flavour, without strength or bite. They smoke cleanly and evenly right through, and they do not irritate the throat however many you may smoke. All the value is in the cigarettes: there are no pictures or coupons with them, and they are sold by all tobacconists at

10 for 3d.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, LTD., Manchester.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

"I hope you will excuse me taking the liberty of telling you of my troubles, but I cannot help putting my case before you. I am a discharged soldier, and unable to work owing to nervous breakdown. I have a child, aged five, to support and have only eightpence a day pension to keep this child and myself. I went this morning to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society for a little assistance, and I was refused. Through my physical condition, owing to war service, I am told by my doctor that I am ruined for life, and here I am starving." Of course, the nation has promised our disabled soldiers a rosy time, free of care. The advanced guards of the legions of the maimed are now home—many of them starving. Possibly the nation intends to wait until the last wrecked hero comes back before redeeming its promise. We helped the poor chap to the limit of our ability.

"I cannot describe how glad myself and wife were to receive the money you so kindly sent us this morning," wrote another poor fellow. "I can only say we are very grateful, as it came when we had not a penny left." He, too, was broken in our wars, and we only wish we could have sent more.

Another soldier whose constitution was ruined at the front was sent home and granted a pension of 4s. 8d. a week. Like so many others, he has a family to keep on this magnificent sum. Since returning, his malady has been aggravated by a bad attack of asthma, and naturally he cannot work. He watched his wife and family starving and applied to us—the application resulting in a replenishment of his larder, with something over.

"Mrs —— wishes me to write and thank you sincerely for the great help received through your valuable agency. There is no doubt about it being of great benefit, as it is a most deserving case and I myself shall not fail to appreciate my JOHN BULL more than ever, and shall acquaint any of my friends accordingly of such very real help in times of stress." This from a lady who urged the claim of a soldier boy's mother, whose case was exceptionally distressing.

"How can I thank you for your kindness in sending so much money? The half of it would have been a blessing to me. My husband is at Devonport, waiting for the transport to take his unit to Egypt—so I will have the good news for him that we are free of debt, thanks to your fund. I will not forget it when I am able to subscribe." This letter speaks for itself.

"I read in JOHN BULL that you offered to help the sufferers through the war. My only son has been in the Army since June, and only gets 1s. 2d. a week. Since he joined, his father died and I have no breadwinner. I am greatly in need of help, and as you have helped others I thought that I would write to you. I am living with my daughter, who is in the same position as myself, and her Army pay is not sufficient to keep the two of us with her two children." We came to the rescue.

"We are very thankful to you for your very kind gift of money. It came in the nick of time, as we had not got a penny to put our hands on. We applied for relief from the parish, but nothing has yet been done for us. Their doctor called upon me and said I could do some work, but I have failed to obtain any employment. The Relieving Officer also called, and one of the Guardians promised me help; but they would not give me even a loaf until next Monday, when they sit. I rather fancy they want to shift the responsibility on to the War Office." We know the ways of both the Guardians and the War Office, but the poor broken soldier has learnt that we do not imitate either of them. To be asked by the Poor Law authorities to wait from the middle of one week until the commencement of the next, while you are starving, is small comfort.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Umtali," £3; E. G. G. (Hartley), £2; J. W., 1s.; R. A., 10s. 6d.; W. R., 10s.; C. G., 2s. 6d.; T. C., 1s.; "Dorothy, Jack and Marjorie," 5s.; B. D., 8s. 4d.; J. E., 5s.; Mrs. L. B., 2s. 6d.; M. B. (Manor Park), £2; A. G. R., 2s. 6d.; G. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 6d.; "Collected Amongst Night Workers in Factory" (per F. J. F.), 14s.; G. M., 2s.; A. H., 2s.; "Policeman and His Mate," 6s.; R. J. E., 2s.; "Rufus," 2s.; "S.," 2s.; F. G., 1s.; W. R. M., 1s.; J. M. (s.s. *Unic*), 6s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £2; Pte. M., 11d.; C. G., 5s.; T. W. B., 2s. 6d.; D. McL., 7s. 6d.; "An Old Customer," 2s.; G. H. G., 1s. 6d.; "Jack Tar," 7s. 9d.; Sgt. C. L., 1s.; P. J., 2s. 6d.; "East Anglian," 1s.; M. G. P., 1s.; E. M., 1s.; H. M., 4d.; R. E. G. (Liverpool), 10s.; "A Sailor and His Wife," £5; "Yung Blud Bill," 1s.; F. B., 2s.; W. L., 2s. 6d.; A. C. S., 5s.; "Old Age Pensioner," 1s.; W. K., 1s.; S. P., 2s.; E. H. S., 2s. 6d.; R. C., 1s.; "Reader," 1s.; "Lux," 2s. 6d.; "Magnet," 1s.; "One of the Injured Ones," 1s.; A. L., 2s. 9d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; X. Y. Z., 1s.; "An Atom," 5s.; "A Well-wisher," 10s.; "A South African Railway Guard," (3rd donation), 5s.; "Ward Room Officers and Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Swift*" (5th subscription), £1 1s. 3d.; J. P., 1s.; "A Middlesbrough Munition Worker," 5s.; J. P. (New York), 10s.; "Transport Worker's Wife," 1s.; "Bradfordian," 2s.; "Ipswich," 1s.; L. C. M., 2s. 6d.; M. W., 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. C. E. Marshall, "Sultan's Head," Rossington Street, Upper Clapton, N., 3s. 9d.; Mr. A. Heye, "Denbigh Arms," Denbigh Place, 2s. 6d.; The Professional Chauffeurs Club, Knightsbridge, 2s. 9½d.; Mr. G. Pennie, 423, Brixton Road, 2s. 8d.; Mr. W. Cooper, "Artichoke," Farringdon Street, 2s. 5d.; Mr. H. Pullen, "Churchill Arms," Church Street, Kensington, W., 2s. 6d.; Mr. G. Pryer, "Black Lion," Bayswater Road, 2s. 7½d.; Mr. J. A. Levy, "Surrey Canal Tavern," 132, Trafalgar Road, 2s. 9d. Councillor E. Franklin, "Queen's Head," 48, Broad Street, Albert Embankment, 2s. 10d.; Mr. F. Pavey, "Constitution," 63, Long Lane, Bermondsey, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Carlton, "Antelope," 48, Weston Street, Bermondsey, 2s. 8d.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 2s. 6d.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., 141, Victoria Street, 2s. 7½d.; Mr. R. G. Ryan, "Duke of Cambridge," Palace Street, 3s. 0½d.; The Manager, 6, Buckingham Palace Road, 2s. 8½d.; Mr. J. Harrison, "The Crown," Mayfield Road, Dalston, 3s. 5½d.; Mr. A. Pick, "The Bell," High Street, Shoreditch, 2s. 2½d.; Mr. L. J. Brown, "The Sadlers," Swallow Street, 5s. 5d.

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. G. Hood, 35, Upper Stone Street, 2s. 7d.

BEDFORD.—Mr. C. W. Dawkes, 1, Bushmead Avenue, 4s.

ABERDEEN.—Mr. T. C. Warren, University Bar, Sinclair Road, 7s.

SHREWSBURY.—Mr. A. Sinclair, Pride Hill, 9s. 8d.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. A. Davis, 14, James Street, 3s.; Mr. L. Barke, The Cigarette Box, Andrew's Picture Palace, Union Street, 7s. 6d.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. J. McNeill, "Castle Hotel," Oldham Street, 5s. 9½d.; Mr. F. B. Pett, Smithfield Market, 3s. 11d.; Mr. G. J. Fernau, "Falstaff Hotel," Market Place, £1 5s. 6½d.; Mrs. de Blarney, Apsley House, Stretford, 3s. 6d.; Mrs. E. A. Williams, "Greyhound Hotel," Chester Road, Hulme, 18s. 6½d.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. James Taylor, "Park Palace Hotel," Mill Street, 13s 2½d.; Mr. F. W. Delderfield, "Stanley Hotel," Prescot Road, 2s. 10½d.; Mr. G. Mackenzie, "Channel Fleet Hotel," Grafton Street, 3s. 10d.

CHESHAM.—Miss Andrews, Waterside Laundry, 13s. 6d.

In Trench, Camp or Hospital the "John Bull" Pen is invaluable.

Foster Clark's

The worry and expense of providing Soup as a first course has been completely overcome by the introduction of Foster Clark's Soup Squares. They make instantly a variety of the choicest Soups by simply adding water. Each 2d. square makes 1½ pints of rich nourishing Soup. Seven kinds supplied.

Oxtail. Lentil. Green Pea. Pea. Mulligatawny. Mock Turtle. (Tomato 2½d.)

If served at every meal you will enjoy your meals more, get greater nourishment and require less meat.

SAMPLE POST FREE.—If you cannot obtain of your Grocer send 2d. in stamps for sufficient to make 1½ pints of rich nourishing Soup, or send 1s. for six varieties to—

FOSTER CLARK, LTD. (Dept. 39), MAIDSTONE.

SOUP SQUARES

An Officer in Flanders writes:—

"Can you send me some Milkmaid Cream—it is BETTER THAN DEVONSHIRE CREAM."

It is indeed! For absolute purity and delicate richness of flavour Milkmaid Cream is unequalled. Easily digested and *guaranteed* free from preservatives, it is better and *far safer* than dairy or any other cream for children and those ordered a cream diet.

Try it with your fruit—fresh, stewed, or canned, with porridge or other cereals, and don't forget to send a few tins to "him" at the front.

Milkmaid Cream

Can be "whipped" but can't be beaten.

Cash price 5½d., 7d., and 11½d. per tin, of all Grocers and Stores.

"ALL ABOUT CREAM"—containing over 70 Recipes—post free on request

BEWARE of cream containing a preservative and packed to closely imitate "Milkmaid" In fact always on Milkmaid Cream, and CAREFULLY EXAMINE LABEL to see that you get it.

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

LATE WINTER SALE OF REAL WITNEY BLANKETS

DIRECT FROM WITNEY. BIG BARGAINS.

FREE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MINIATURE BLANKETS as PATTERNS of the "Direct from Witney" Blankets of the World Famous Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., of Witney. **GREAT SALE NOW ON**

BARGAINS in THROW-OUTS at 25% reduction.

WITNEY BLANKETS are PROTECTED by LAW.

FREE to your home, for you to view and feel, lovely little Miniature Blankets from Witney—the world-famous Blanket town. They are exact samples of the real Witney Blankets direct from Witney. Sale now on.

Thousands of Real Witney Blankets (the World's Best) are to be disposed of at big reductions in this Sale. Sent by Rail and Steamer to all parts.

Although there is a continual rise in the price of all raw materials, and a remarkable shortage of Blankets in the Kingdom, "THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD.," are able to offer in this Sale the very finest Blankets at Big Reductions. The patterns can be

VIEWED AND FELT IN YOUR HOME FREE.

WITNEY, as nearly everyone knows, is famous for Blankets, hence the famous law case recently when it was pronounced as illegal to sell as "Witney" Blankets any such article not made at Witney.

NATURE'S WARMTH WITNEY WARMTH.

WITNEY Blankets are soft, full, and delightfully smooth. Yet withal there is a delicious lightness, which coincides with Nature's process of light weaving as demonstrated in the sheep's coat. As a sheep is kept remarkably warm, so *real* "Witney" Blankets have remarkable warmth-giving properties.

LOW SALE PRICES.—The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., Witney, is proverbial for high quality and value.

LOVELY PATTERNS WHICH CHARM AND INTEREST.—*Delightfully warmth-giving are real Witney Blankets.*

The Famous Butter Cross Witney.

The Miniature Blanket Patterns delight thousands. One lady writes: "*Many thanks for lovely patterns, etc.,*" and "*How lovely!*" and "*How delightful!*" are the ejaculations that probably everyone uses when seeing the Miniature Blankets with their pretty borders. These patterns are daintiness itself, yet exhibit all the splendid qualities of the "Witney" art.

Nothing but profit and pleasure can result to you if you send to-day. You can VIEW and FEEL real Witney Blankets in Miniature form, and can learn how to buy *real* "Witney Blankets direct from Witney at SALE BARGAIN PRICES.

Keep yourself comfortable and well, and let the little ones be delightfully warm these winter nights, tucked away in woolly, downy, warmth-giving *real* Witney blankets.

FILL IN COUPON TO-DAY For Miniature Patterns and Particulars of

BLANKETS STRAIGHT FROM WITNEY.

To the WITNEY BLANKET CO., Ltd.,
BUTTER CROSS WORKS, WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

Please send me Miniature Blankets as patterns of Blankets direct from Witney (which I agree to return within four days, the Witney Blanket Co. paying carriage both ways), together with the low prices offered in the Late Winter Sale. Also send particulars of your "New Blankets for Old" Cleaning Offer.

JOHN BULL, 12.2.1916.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

THE WITNEY BLANKET Co LTD. WITNEY.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

We are always glad to be of service to Tommy—and Jack—and much appreciate the batches of letters we receive from land and sea, thanking us for our efforts. Particularly gratifying have been communications from Commanding Officers, and even Brigadier-Generals, expressing their thanks for our help in inducing the War Department to buck up and improve the condition of our camps. The task of tracing the missing, killed, wounded and prisoners is a sad one; but we are pleased to be able to state that each week we succeed in locating, through their chums, an average of a dozen men of whom the War Office appear to know nothing. Unfortunately, in many cases our inquiry results in definite information that the poor fellow anxiously sought for has been killed. We would impress upon those asking us to help in this way that no fee whatever is necessary.

"ON ACCOUNT."

We have received the usual weekly batch of letters from men serving in all quarters of the theatres of war, asking why they receive their pay in dribs and drabs—half-a-crown one week, seven shillings the next, then a shilling, and so on. We give it up. The civilian has a remedy through the County Court; the soldier has not. We have the greatest sympathy with the very numerous men—particularly those at the front—who, though drawing little of their pay, are told that they are in debt to their regiments.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

The "Crippled Platoon" of the 1st Garrison Battalion of the Bedford Regiment, at Seaford-on-Mud, are rather hurt because they have as yet been given no Christmas leave, the reason apparently being the belief that men who have to hobble on sticks are not fit to be sent to their homes for a few days. As, however, they are back from the front, they are eminently deserving of at least a seven days' pass.

A FOLKESTONE FAKE.

We have complaints from men who have passed home through Folkestone, to the effect that some unofficial person kindly offers his services for the purpose of sending telegrams to friends announcing their arrival, filling in the forms, and, of course, collecting the dues. The Tommies on reaching their destinations discover that the "wires" have not been received. There is much food for thought here, and perhaps scope for an inquiry. Of course, in peace time cross-Channel passengers largely avail themselves of such services—which so far as we know, are faithfully performed. But then the travellers are usually more or less well-off, able to tip handsomely, and capable of causing "ructions" if there is a breach of trust.

DAMNING WITH FAINT PRAISE.

The living of a man discharged from the Army depends very largely upon the character endorsed on his papers. Some of our new officers appear not to be aware of this, and fill in discharge sheets in a way that is thoroughly unjust to the men. We are glad to say that in several cases where Tommies with exemplary characters received less than their due, we have succeeded in getting matters rectified. Here is one of the latest samples of unfair endorsemen. "I do not know anything against this man. Major Rawson, for Officer Commanding Depot, A.S.C., Aldershot." We take it that, under King's Regulations, the man's record with his unit should be searched by the officer giving the discharge, and would therefore like to know if such a search had been made in this case. The soldier was at the front, was never before his Colonel as a defaulter, and the character given to him should have been marked "Very Good" if not "Exemplary." Such an ambiguous "character" is not likely to help in securing employment.

THE OFFICERS TOO?

Mr. Tennant has told us that the Terrier privates who did not take the Imperial Service obligation are to be dismissed and afterwards roped in under the Compulsion Act. It is to be hoped that the same step will be taken in regard to those not in the ranks who refused the obligation. It is feared by officers of the Provisional Battalions that these stay-at-homes will be placed over them, although from the first they have worn the uniform in the hope that they would be sent to the front.

TOMMY'S BATH.

The soldier is always fond of the ablution room—though he generally terms it the "absolution room." We notice in the daily Orders by Lt.-Col. Garnett, who looks after the Worcestershires at Weston-super-Mare, that one penny a week is to be stopped from all Warrant Officers, N.C.O.s, and men "for the use of the baths." The soldiers concerned are of opinion that the charge is illegal. But have not King's Regulations, Pay Warrant, the Manual of Military Law, and all other books printed for the guidance and regulation of the Army, been thrown overboard by some of our latter-day officers?

DANGEROUS CRACKERS.

When somebody inspects a certain camp in Dorsetshire, we hope that he will particularly inquire into the steps taken for storage of ammunition and explosives. Although there is a safe pit, the materials are kept in one of the large wooden huts at the end of the men's lines—a place used as a musketry store, school, armourer's shop, and lecture hall for bomb and other classes. The Chief General Inspector visited the camp a fortnight ago, but evidently overlooked this important item. Something should be done before some man with a lighted pipe in his mouth comes too near.

THE MEDITERRANEAN POST.

We should like to know that somebody has been appointed to overhaul the arrangements of the service facetiously termed the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force Post. There must be hundreds of tons of letters and parcels adrift and rotting. Some puddings sent out by a public fund at Christmas-time appear to have duly reached their destination, but men of the divisions are still whistling for packages and letters dispatched by their friends from six to nine months ago. There was good excuse for such derangement on the Gallipoli peninsula; but there is no reason whatever why troops in Egypt should have received no letters for months.

PAY! PAY!! PAY!!!

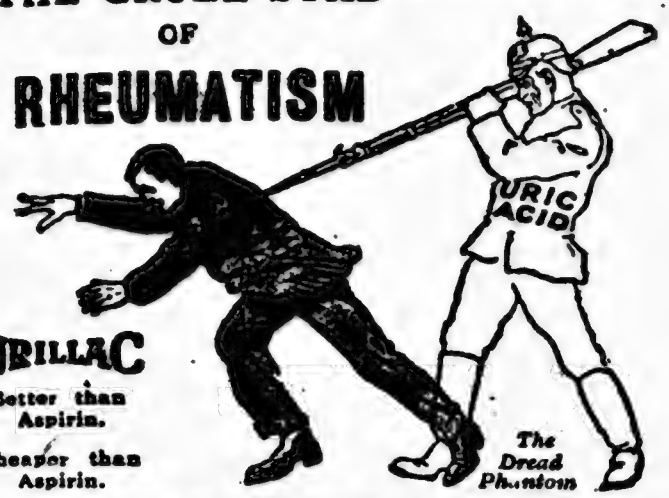
The men of the 102nd Prov. Batt., at Raynes Park, tell us that the other day they were stopped 4s. 2d. from their pay, being informed that three shillings of the sum was for loss and damages at Richmond Park Camp. The Battalion were certainly quartered there for six months, but many of the men who have been mulcted were at the place for five weeks only, and in their case we question the legality of the stoppage.

MISSING.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Pte. E. Starrs, 16726, C Co., 9th Scottish Rifles; Pte. E. White, 1826, City of London 1st R.F., L-Cpl. Baxter, 8607, D Co., 2nd South Lancs.; Pte. L. Smith, 8781, 1st South Staffords; George Roberts, late Sergt. R.F.A., re-enlisted in Glasgow in November, 1914; Pte. Wm. Harvey, 8747, 1st Norfolk Rgt.; Cpl. L. W. J. B. Abbott, 9188, 26th Field Co., R.E.; Pte. D. White, 7907, A Co., No. 2 Platoon, 10th A. & S. Hlrs.; Pte. J. Jones, S/9610, D Co., 14th Platoon, 1st Gordon Hlrs.; Pte. F. Allen, 3725, C Co., 8th R. W. Kents; Pte. R. J. McGaughey, 11836, R.I.F., C Co., 9th Platoon; Pte. T. Murphy, 8073, 8th B.W.; Pte. C. West, 22[illegible]6, A Co., 13th (Kensingtons) London Rgt.; Pte. H. H. Holmes, 793, 11th Platoon, C Co., East Kents (Buffs); Rgt. Sergt. Major Wm. Charles, 9507, 1/4 Black Watch; Cpl. Chas. Griffiths, 5338, A Sqdn., 6th Dragoon Gds.; Pte. E. Corry, 8242, C Co., 2nd East Kents (Buffs); Pte. Chas. J. Neville, 14757, B Co., 8th Cameron Hdrs.

THE CRUEL STAB OF RHEUMATISM



URILLAC
Better than Aspirin.
Cheaper than Aspirin.

Rheumatism is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painfu.. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken.

But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric Acid must be treated *through the Blood*. The Uric Acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced.

URILLAC THE CERTAIN CURE FOR:—

Urillac effects a certain cure where everything else has failed. It is taken up by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease. Urillac is supplied in handy, portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists and Parkes' Drug Stores, at 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free from

THE URILLAC CO.,
164, Piccadilly, London, W.

RHEUMATISM
GOUT
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
NEURITIS
GRAVEL
and All Uric Acid Ailments and Pains

FREE SAMPLE.—*Send two penny stamps to receive, post free, a sample.*

JOHN PIGGOTT'S SALE

CLEARANCE LINES
In all Dep rtments.

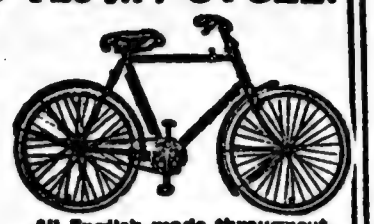
YOUT IS' LOUNGE SUITS.
In Dark Grey Tweeds and Pl in Cheviots, long lapels, 2 button, slit back, permanent turn-u Trousers
Sizes 10, 11 and 12 fit ages 15, 16 and 17.
Sale Price to clear
21/6.

CYCLING AND — SPORTING — JACKETS AND — BREECHES —

21 only Grey Herringbone Tweeds, 34 to 42 chest only.
Usua Price 24/-
Sale Price 21/6

23 only Grey Fancy Tweeds, 34 to 42 chest only.
Usual Price 34/-, 35/-
Sale Price 30/11

The J.P. CYCLE.



All English made throughout.
£4 : 3 : 9
Specification free.

The J.P. RED CENTRE CYCLE COVER.
Usual Price, 7/11. Sale Price, 6/9.
Write for ful particulars of clearance Cycle Inner Tubes.

Send for 68 page Sale List POST FREE.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd., 117 & 118, Cheapside, and Milk Street, LONDON.

"As good as a New Suit for 3/9."

Hundreds of customers have made this remark when expressing satisfaction with the way we have cleaned and pressed their suits—and, really, it is no exaggeration. Write for a copy of "Modern Beau Brummells," and read all about our wonderful service which "saves buying new." List of Branches which collect and deliver free, included.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.
(East 3710—4 lines.)
Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D8

COMFORT FOR SOLDIERS.

Body Pests entirely destroyed by wearing

The "PARKILL" BODY & HEALTH PROTECTOR

(As Supplied to French Army).

This medicated Eucalyptus Body Protector absolutely destroys lice, nits, and all insects that torment the Soldiers in the Trenches and Camps. It also keeps the body warm, thereby preventing Chills, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, etc. No Soldier should be without it. Send one to your friend on "Active Service." Over 2,000,000 sold.

1/6 EACH. Post Free Anywhere.
Special quotations for quantities.

Obtainable from Stores or direct from
THE PARKILL MEDICAL SUPPLY COMPANY,
(Dept. B) 34, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.
Sole Agents for Great Britain, Ireland and Colonies.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache, or beard (discovered by Dr Emile Rousseau of the French Army Medical Corps and Paris Faculty). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going grey hair.

YOU MUST LOOK YOUNG IF YOU ARE TO SECURE THE CHANCES THAT LEAD TO SUCCESS IN THE ARMY OR NAVY, IN BUSINESS, IN THE PROFESSIONS, IN PUBLIC LIFE AND IN SOCIETY. INECTO MAKES YOU LOOK YOUNG. Full particulars of Dr. Rousseau's valuable discovery sent in STRICT CONFIDENCE on application to Secretary INECTO, Ltd., 52, South Molton Street, London, W.

Please state if lady or gentleman

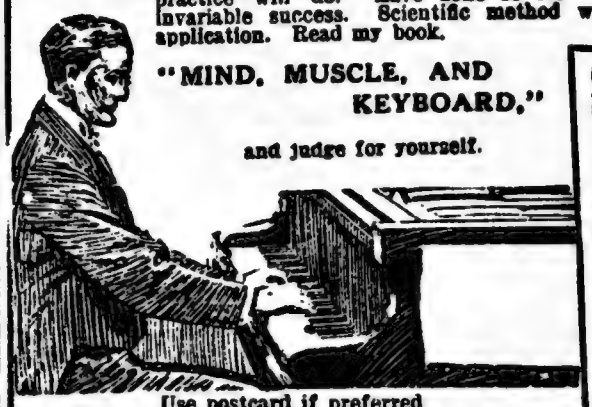
I will teach YOU to Play the Piano

Brilliantly without Practice-Drudgery,

Fatigue or Failure, even though you do not know a note of music now. I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence than years of ordinary practice will do. Have done so for twelve years with invariable success. Scientific method with common-sense application. Read my book.

"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"

and judge for yourself.



COUPON To Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Please forward complimentary copy of your book, post FREE. I am a beginner, Moderate, Advanced player (cross out words which do not apply to you).

Name .....
Address .....
.....

Write clearly, say if Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Use postcard if preferred

Blood and Skin Diseases Cured

MEDICAL TREATISE & CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE—FREE

A WONDERFUL discovery has been made which completely cures all blood diseases without the use of poisonous ingredients or dangerous metallic substances.

On writing to the address below you will be sent—under plain cover, free from observation—a medical treatise fully describing these complaints and their cure.

This treatise will be sent to you gratis and post free, together with a special chart, which, if you fill it up, entitles you to free confidential advice.

Remember, this is a perfectly harmless remedy, which cures the most terrible troubles, whatever the name or nature of the disease:—

Amongst the blood disorders completely cured by this treatment are:—

Eczema, Anaemia, Ulcers, Locomotor Ataxy, Scrofula, Sores, Eruptions, Poisoned Blood, Psoriasis, Lupus, Bad Legs, Carbuncles,

and other disorders, whether acquired or inherited.

The secret of this wonderful treatment comes from Central Africa. It is prepared from a certain root the virtues of which have been known to the natives for centuries.

Just as the natives of Central Africa possess the secret of preparing from a certain plant a remedy for the poison of a snake bite, so they have possessed the secret of preparing from another root a remedy for still more deadly poisons which sometimes enter the blood and cause distressing disease. This remedy secret is now obtainable by the thousands of sufferers from poisoned blood in this country. Whenever it has been tried it has brought about the most amazing cures in a very short period. It expels the disease poisons from the circulation and makes the blood pure and full of life, vitality and health.

Cured of Eczema.

Dear Sir. *April 7, 1915.*

I have pleasure in sending you my photo for you to make what use you think fit. Again thanking you for the benefits derived from Domigo. Wishing Domigo every success.

Yours faithfully, M. W.

FREE TREATISE AND ADVICE.

Write to-day for a copy of medical treatise describing the treatment. It will be sent you, FREE FROM OBSERVATION, together with a special chart. On filling up the latter you will be sent—without any fee being charged—confidential advice on your case. All communications are treated in the strictest confidence. Write to-day to The Domigo Co. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

DOMIGO, The Great African Blood Purifier, can be obtained in handy small tablet form, price 5s. per box, of all Chemists. If you have any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. for 5s. and we will send by return, Post Free. THE DOMIGO CO. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.

This is a recent Portrait of GEORGES CARPENTIER, *the wonderful French Boxer. He has joined the active Forces of the French Army, and is attached to the Flying Corps, a post of extreme danger. In the accompanying statement M. Carpentier bears witness to the value of Guy's Tonic as an Invigorator of Nervous Strength and a Restorer of Physical Fitness.*

Georges Carpentier

states: "I am pleased to say that I have always found Guy's Tonic a valuable help. It is especially effective as a Nerve Invigorator and in restoring Physical Fitness; I have used Guy's Tonic for a long time, and would not now be without it."

Weak and Tremulous Nerves.

Guy's Tonic holds indisputably its place as the standard British Remedy for Indigestion, Nervousness, and Debility. No other single Remedy has been discovered since the beginning of Medical research which is capable of doing so much good to so large a majority of people. Guy's Tonic ensures good Appetite, better Assimilation of Food, and a general regeneration of the whole System. Guy's Tonic improves the condition of the Blood, tones the Digestive Organs, and upbuilds weak and tremulous Nerves.

Guy's Tonic:

Dr. J. W. Casey writes:—"I consider Guy's Tonic to be of the highest service in cases of Debility, Nerve Exhaustion, and broken-down Health."

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire.

Cocoa for 'Nerves'

There are thousands of normally healthy men and women who nevertheless are burdened by this terrible modern bogey of "Nerves," which so often takes the form of Nervous Dyspepsia

In such cases attention to diet is essential, whatever other form of treatment be adopted. The digestive organs are not capable of dealing with ordinary food. Something is needed which will nourish the system with little digestive effort, and Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk answers the purpose admirably.

The Cocoa and Milk, made by Savory & Moore's special process, contains the essential elements of nutrition, and is in fact a Nerve Food. It is highly nourishing, sustaining and soothing. But the quality which makes it especially suitable for "nervous" cases is that it is perfectly easy of digestion, even by the most delicate.

It requires neither sugar nor milk, and is made in a moment simply by adding hot water.

Tins, 2 6, 1 6 and 6d. (special midget tins) of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE

A Trial Tin of Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "John Bull" and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King New Bond Street, London

SAVORY & MOORE'S COCOA & MILK

NO MORE PAIN

Headaches, Toothache, and all other Aches quickly Relieved.

One of the principal symptoms of all diseases is pain, and what the patient most often applies for, says Dr. Robbins, is "Something" to relieve his pain. If we can arrest this promptly, he will trust us for other remedies he may require.

One remedy which I have used lately in my practice is Antikamnia Tablets—many and varied are their uses. I have put them to the test on many occasions, and have never been disappointed.

I have found them especially valuable for all kinds of headaches and neuralgic pains. They are especially useful for women, and no remedy gives greater relief than Antikamnia Tablets in all conditions known as "Women's Aches and Ills."

TRIAL BOX FREE.

10,000 boxes of Antikamnia Tablets, with interesting pamphlets, have been set aside for free distribution. If you are, therefore, a sufferer from any kind of pain send your name and address to-day for your presentation box to—ANTIKAMNIA CHEMICAL DEPT. (A 28), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR.

Busy? No, sir. Can attend to you at once. Set 'ere, sir, if you don't mind. . . . That wos a narsty Zepp. raid we 'ad larst week, sir. 'Orrible. Pity it didn't come a few days earlier. . . . *W'y?* Well, becos it might 'ave brought 'ome to the electors the need fur a *h*expert to be put in charge of our *h*air defences, sir. If the news 'ad come down to Mile End on the eve of the poll that fifty men, women an' children 'ad jest bin killed by the Zepp. 'Uns, I reckon it would 'ave more than wiped out Warwick Brookes's merjority. Mile End wanted a startler. . . . *No need fur Mister Pemberton-Billing in the 'Ouse?* 'Ow do you make thet out, sir? 'E's a *h*expert *h*airman, ain't 'e? Don't they want men wot know wot they're torkin' erbout in the 'Ouse? . . . The *perlitical truce must be maintained, must it?* Well, 'ow would Billing 'ave upset it? 'E ain't a Party man. An' w'en it comes to the point, wot need wos there fur Warwick Brookes in the 'Ouse, eether? 'E's on'y a pore Party 'ack, w'en all's sed an' done. 'Ad to sneak 'is opponent's programme! Well, it wos a narrer thing fur 'im, w'en you come to consider. Thet wos a narsty trick o' Balfour's, writin' thet letter to 'im erbout Billing at the larst minute. Wot did Balfour want to butt in for? I sh'd 'ave thort 'e'd got enuff to do to learn 'is own job without tryin' to stop a smart, independent, plucky young chap like Billing tryin' to git in an' do a bit o' good fur the ole country. . . . Oh, *Mister Billing carst reflections on the Guv'ment*, did 'e? Wot a wicked thing! W'ere's the man wot ain't doin' it every day? An' 'oo kin wonder? Look at this Balfour bizniss, fur instance. Fency makin' 'im First Lord o' the Admiralty! A job 'e's never 'eld before! . . . *Do I think 'e wos wrong in acceptin' the appointment?* Wrong? I sh'd think I do! 'E oughter be ashamed of 'isself, to my mind. . . . *Wot would I 'ave done in 'is place?* W'y, I sh'd 'ave sed to *H*asquith. "No, thanks. Wot, me First Lord? Not likely! I don't know a turret from a torpedo. You give the job to Jack Fisher. *'E's* the man. The greatest sailor since Nelson. *'E* made the Navy wot it is. Now shove 'im at the 'ead of it." And thet's wot the people orl over the country are sayin' terday, sir. They want Jacky Fisher to be in command w'en the German Fleet comes out, w'ich it will do one o' these days, w'en it's least expected. They want Jacky Fisher there to tighten the strangle-'old we've got on the 'Uns. They want Jacky Fisher there becos 'e knows 'is job, an' Balfour don't. We've got a soldier at the Wore Orfice—now let us 'ave a sailor at the Admiralty. Balfour ought to retire, an' publish 'is reasons fur doin' it. The country'd think orl the more of 'im, an' Fisher would go back knowin' 'e'd got the people be'ind 'im. But this bloomin' Guv'ment don't seem 'appy unless it's got square pegs in round 'oles. . . . *That's* it, sir. . . . Thank you, sir. Much obliged, I'm shore. Goo'-day, sir! . . . (I don't like speakin' 'arsh to pore ole Arthur, fur 'e's a decent sort. But we've gotter think o' the country first, times like these.) . . .

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for February 5th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 046,020 and A364,768. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Probably the best racing that has ever been seen at Hawthorn Hill will be witnessed at the pretty Berkshire venue this week-end. On Friday, COMFORT would be a good thing were he slipped for the Maidenhead Selling Steeplechase, but he looks to have an equally good chance in the Windsor Steeplechase on the second day, and he may be kept for that. I like WHITE SURREY in the Redstone Hurdle, and TIP AND RUN should win either the Forest Selling Hurdle to-day or the Selling Hurdle on Saturday. ROY BARKER is the likely winner of the Windsor Steeplechase. For Saturday I have already mentioned COMFORT and TIP AND RUN. The Four-Year-Old Hurdle should go to THE NAB; the Bracknell Steeplechase to ABAKUR and the Binfield Hurdle (1st class) to THE BORE—this, in my opinion, being the best thing of the meeting.

Wires will be despatched for each day at Hawthorn Hill. One day, 5s.; two days, 8s. Please order early of me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The *Special*, published on Thursday, will deal specially with the meeting. Please send your orders to our publishers, Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 18.

Eleven readers sent coupons showing only 2 errors, and share the £100 prize, each receiving £9 2s.

W. P. CHADWICK, 19, Thornham Road, High Crompton, Shaw.
A. S. DAVIS, 45, Boscombe Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
H. WRIGHT, 59, Spencer Street, Magdalen Road, Norwich.
J. DONNACHIE, 26, Brougham Street, Greenock.
L.-CPL W. FAIRBAIRN, Depot, Black Watch, Perth.
A. FURLONG, 7B, Peabody Buildings, Hackney Road, E.
DAVID DAVIES, Eagle Hotel, Merthyr Tydfil.
OSWALD ROGERSON, St. Moritz, Clarendon Road, Eccles.
E. JOYCE, 62, High Street W., Glossop.
J. MCMENEMY, 15, Park Street, Cambuslang.
A. BANKS, 139, Becklow Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

JOHN BUCHANAN, 26, Battlefield Gardens, Langside, Glasgow. January 15th. 76,739.

WILLIAM STEEDMAN, Police Station, Blackbraes, by Falkirk. January 15th. 6,9,316.

W. GOLDTHORPE, 15, Lord Buildings, High Street, Morley, near Leeds. January 22. 025,925.

F. A. STANLEY, 30, Russel Place, Old Dover Road, Blackheath. January 22. 482,725.

WM. BLACK, 178, Crossloan Road, Govan, Glasgow. January 22. 557,479.

RICHARD LIVERSIDGE, 10, Morrison Street, Castleford. January 22. 672,516.

Mrs. SARAH DAY, 67, Reeve Street, North Lowestoft. January 22. A144,774.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 5th:—

021892	269374	487303	765372	A105315
040561	283985	619851	799104	A139832
069943	300012	636005	817693	A177411
085721	327645	674426	857931	A198619
105347	354307	695672	942540	A244418
136050	376291	627549	991114	A258245
149990	390773	652311	994739	A301727
17 333	414079	6894?0	A007586	A352925
193907	457 90	691233	A032785	A376183
225711	462971	732431	A031002	A382104

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published February 16th).

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. February 12th, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

M. W. (Ladbroke Grove, W.).—Lord Derby future Prime Minister? There are more unlikely things than that.

E. G. (Weybread).—You cannot blame us if the Government conspire to disappoint our prophetic expectations.

S. V.—Of course the Editor has not been "in the trenches." No civilian visitor to the front has. He has, however, been "somewhere in France."

"LOTTY" and OTHERS.—No, we are not at all "upset" by the distribution of scurrilous literature in the towns we visit. It always means full houses.

"COVENTRY WOMAN."—Of course we did not say *at Coventry* or anywhere else, that the war would last seven years. We are now witnessing the opening of its last chapter; and but for the muddle and unreadiness of the politicians, the whole story would have been closed months ago.

"A WORKING MAN" (Old Kent Road, S.E.) warns the Government that "a good many of the workers in Bermondsey will be very nasty when the time comes"—after the war. And they won't be the only ones.

H. A. (Walthamstow).—It is no use our guessing about exemption. Like every other single man, you will have to make your appeal to the local tribunal.

H. C.-S. (late Navy League, Natal).—Evidently, the Government do not credit the existence of those mammoth German naval guns. If we cannot rely on our Navy, on what *can* we rely?

CAPT. O. D. (Newcastle).—Yes, we read Vice-Admiral Herman Kirchoff's frenzy. No doubt, if the German admirals could invade Britain by the sweat of their jaw, they would wipe us off the map.

"A PRIVATE IN THE BRITISH ARMY."—We do not think the Australian troops did *everything* in the Dardanelles. Not by a long chalk. Practically every branch of the British forces, naval and military, proved themselves to be heroes there. But our cartoonist could not get them all into a picture 2 inches square.

"DISGUSTED."—After the war there must be a strict inquiry into the high death-rate amongst Army horses during the winter and summer of 1915 in the Aylesbury and other districts, and those responsible for it must be adequately punished.

"CAVE CANEM" (Brighton).—Your indictment of the bad habits of the too numerous dogs of Brighton and Hove is formidable, and the state of things you describe must be horribly unpleasant. But you will admit it is hardly a matter we can discuss in these columns. Try to wake up the Corporation; persistent badgering might do them good.

"DIXIE" (Preston).—You have been informed that this journal "is under a penalty of £1,000 if anyone can prove a lie against it from back to back," and you wish to know if this is true. We value the truth at much more than that. Glad to hear your "view of things has altered for the better" since you have known us. This is when we blush.

"FESSY MR. DAVIS" (Pembridge).—It is not a question of the Pope's interference in international affairs, but his failure, as the head of a great branch of the Christian Church, to pour his condemnation on the hideous deeds of Germany in Belgium. Christ whipped the money-changers out of the Temple, but His "Vicar on Earth" has apparently averted his eyes from murdered and outraged *Catholic* women and slaughtered babes.

H. B. (Leeds).—We read the King's reference to "an honourable peace" as meaning a peace honourable to the Allies, which can arise only from the utter crushing of the Hun. Even then, the deep damnation of the taking off of millions of human beings will remain inadequately punished.

DAVE R. G. (Dalston).—To make quite sure of your brother in Australia receiving JOHN BULL regularly, you should register it. We are probably more often filched *en route* than any other publication.

"BOWLER" (Aldershot), apropos of the Kaiser, writes: "About Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-nine Nature produced a Little Swine." The Devil must have lent a hand at the delivery.

L.-CPL. S. (B.E.F.).—Your chum, who asserts that Japan possesses the second largest navy in the world, is talking through his gas-mask. The Huns have the second biggest fleet, although it is tucked away in the Kiel Canal.

J. L. (Tottenham Court Road).—What you suggest is a forced loan. Our finances are not yet so low as to make that necessary. Happily, we can leave such drastic expedients to our enemies.

J. R. D. (Leytonstone) says he is so much against compulsion, that he has "decided to destroy both King and Cabinet," and that he will "certainly destroy upon any future occasion any person that I think objectionable to my honour." Another case for the Lunacy Commissioners.

"BOB" (Pembridge).—No one regrets, in this crisis, the loss of the late King Edward, of genial memory, more than we do.

"SOLDIER" (Kirkcudbright).—"Let Germany if they will 'dish her,' Give power to Kitchener and Fisher." We agree that only by their joint efforts can Germany be properly served.

A. H. (Peckham, S.E.).—The best purpose to put the wax effigy of the Kaiser at Madame Tussaud's to, will be to burn it on Tower Hill on November 5th next.

X. Y. Z. (Barrow).—JOHN BULL, *solil.*: "My circulations quite the best throughout the British Isles: The cold does not affect me though I travel miles and miles," etc. May we add: "Our object is to tell the truth, with neither qualms nor fears, And to continue with the same for years and years and years"?

C. E. L. (Acton, W.).—For a clergyman to invite his congregation to pray for our enemies, and then for the choir to follow with the anthem, "O Lord our God, arise, scatter our enemies and make them fall," savours of the utterly ridiculous. Have such parsons no sense of humour?

"AN OBSCURE PERSON" (Liscard).—We should be quite contented to see our young princes marry into noble British families, instead of hunting among effete Continental royalty for their wives.

H. McC. (Belfast).—So you have been asked about our prophecies, have you? And why on earth should *you* be asked about *our* prophecies? Refer your questioners to us. We will deal with them.

LIEUT. M. (Brighton).—So you, a soldier, think we should be ready to "talk business," and to "give and take" with Germany, convinced that we can never drive her out of the territories she has set her filthy foot in. The sooner you resign your commission the better. You must have a depressing effect upon your brother officers and men.

"LOOS AND LENS" (West Peckham, Kent) complains that in his parish "there are 14 or 15 Refusilers" who say they will not go before they are fetched. Well, they will be fetched.

"TUBER."—Victorious British, French and Russian soldiers must march through Berlin. We must give our splendid fighting men that satisfaction, whatever the politicians may say.

"JUSTICE" (Cheshire).—We take it that grocery and provision dealers are not included in the "Reserved Occupations" because they can very well be replaced by women. It does not require able-bodied men of military age to stand behind counters serving tea, sugar, butter and bacon, while the Hun is at the gate.

"A RIFLEMAN'S FRIEND" (Tufnell Park, N.).—Contemptible snobs of the type you mention, who resent a private soldier's presence in the stalls of a theatre, pollute the atmosphere they breathe, and should be barred by the management, out of consideration for the audience.

Just the thing, "Golden Links" in "Everywoman's."

J. W. W. (Gilbin Grove).—Thanks. No use unduly harping on munitions muddles—*at present*.

"A CORRESPONDENT" (Croydon) points out that even the beasts of the field and the birds of the air can teach the Conscientious Objector a lesson, inasmuch as they are always ready to defend their young.

R. R. L. (Armagh).—Quite right. The Huns left the bulldog tenacity of the British out of account in their calculations.

A. H. T. (Dennistoun).—JOHN BULL'S companion paper was originally *Mrs. Bull*, but the name has now been changed to *Everywoman's*.

W. T. (Blackpool).—"Let the foe who strikes at Britain hear her wheels of commerce turn, Let the ships that war with Britain see her factory furnace burn, For the foe most fears the cannon and his heart most quails with dread When behind the man in khaki is the man who keeps his head." This from Toronto *Cars* is good, if reminiscent.

A. E. C. (Nottingham).—So you think the fact that alcoholic liquor is ordered by medical men as an "aid to convalescence" is proof that it is not a beverage, nor "the sort of thing which should be openly sold as 'refreshment'." Your process of reasoning is as clear as mud. Because doctors recommend fresh air as an aid to convalescence, are we to breathe it only when we are ill?

"AN ANCIENT BURGH" (Bilhead).—"The Party purse is the freeman's curse" is a saying compacted of the truth.

J. H. C. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Through answering a message found in a packing-case it seems you got into correspondence with a man in Canada, and you now wonder if he is genuine—or German! His letters seem quite harmless, and he is probably the same; but, speaking generally, we should not advise making friends in such a haphazard fashion.

Miss A. F. (Cardiff).—You are hysterical. For goodness' sake don't allow it to develop into religious mania; else you are utterly lost.

"IRISH PURSE" (Liverpool).—It *may* be that "many a coloured man would make as good a husband for a white woman as a white man would." But we do not like the idea of piebald piccaninnies. They start life with a heavy handicap.

"JERICO" (Up North) informs us that Von Tirpitz's next dash for the open sea will take place at 3.33 a.m. on February 30th next. This, he tells us, is "from a re-lie-able source." We should spell it sauce.

"A FRIEND," "IMPOCO" and "A WORKING MAN."—Your gifts of 3s., 5s. and 1s. have been forwarded to "The Paper Man on the Corner." Very many thanks.

J. B. (Tooting).—You probably thought you were "putting it across us" Instead, you are merely incoherent. *What* is it you are frothing about?

GR. R. B. (Hyderabad).—Nelson and Wellington met a week before the Battle of Trafalgar was fought—according to the late Lord Bathurst and Clifford Hosken.

X. Y. (Tenby).—You think no decoration should be given for rescuing the wounded under fire, since it is the soldier's duty to maintain the strength of his unit by avoiding unnecessary exposure. It would seem hard to discourage those gallant actions; and we are not altogether sure but that what would be gained in practical military efficiency would be counterbalanced by loss of ardour on the part of the men thus deprived of incentives to courageous self-sacrifice. The thought of wounded comrades lying out in the open, to rescue whom under fire might earn a reprimand instead of a reward, would probably have a depressing effect upon our lads.

C. H. M. (Upper Stratton).—Since you are a female, with super-Sabbatarian views, out-Phariseeing the Pharisees, we must, in courtesy to your sex, decline to enter into a disputation with you on the subject of Sunday observance.

EX-PTE. J. E. B. (Castleford).—We cannot see how your wearing a silk muffler, and otherwise dressing yourself smartly, should make you a "duffer" and unfit you for a clerkship in your local post-office. The Labour Exchange official who advanced such an insensate objection must himself have been a double duffer of the deepest dye.

C. M. asks: "What have you done with all the good men like Martin Luther, Moses, Joshua, David? These are the men we want." You may search us. We haven't touched them.

A. P. (Colchester).—"Kindergarten" is a word we can very well do without. Any suggestion for a good British substitute?

"THE PRINCE OF PEACE" (Wandsworth, S.W.).—We are sorry to note that your imbecility takes a blasphemous form. You ought to be in a home.

J. M. H. (Gosport).—W. Cooper, Ltd., Poultry Appliance Manufacturers, of 743, Old Kent Road, is a firm to fight shy of because of their dilatory business methods, which we have frequently exposed.

W. A. (Hasbouk Heights, N.J.).—"Now that your people are awake, rain hell fire down on them and keep them awake." We have none on hand to rain. Why so torrid?

"JANTAIN" (Tain) tells us Gaelic was spoken in Eden. That must have been when Adam was told he must quit. 'Tis a fine language for incoherent expostulations.

E. F. P. (Peckham).—It is far more important to exempt school teachers than curates from enlistment.

MR. WILLIAM SHADFORTH (Pharmaceutical Chemist, 68, Grove Road, Bow, E.) wishes us to point out that he is in no way connected with Tokalon, Ltd., the "beauty" concern upon whose methods we recently commented. The fact that Mr. Shadforth's advertisement appears in these columns is, of course, sufficient evidence that we believe in his *bona fides*.

J. B., and OTHERS (H.M.S. *Armadale*).—Many thanks for greetings—which we much appreciate.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO" (Plymouth).—The reason that the public telephones have now been placed on post-office counters at Plymouth is to avoid the possibility of communication being made of a spy character.

MR. JOHN HOWARD.—Three letters addressed to you at Lark Lane have been returned as insufficiently addressed. Please communicate with our Pen Department.

P. F. (Portsmouth).—You are quite right when you say there is nothing like music to cheer up the boys at the front, especially "catchy" choruses. Have you seen Mr. Herman Darewski's series in *Everywoman's*? The authentic words and music of one of his popular numbers are given away each week; they are just the thing to send to the trenches.

H. T. (Winchester).—The Winchester moneylender, who announces his office hours as being from 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., may at least be praised for encouraging early rising, however subversive his business may be to thrift.

R. B. (Oxford).—Our demand for the return of Lord Fisher is now being re-echoed by several of our contemporaries. The need is urgent, as the Germans are probably planning a naval *coup* which Fisher would be the best man to foresee and circumvent.

THE COMMERCIAL PRINTING CO. (115, Suffolk Street, Birmingham) wish it to be known that they are in no way connected with Clifford May, whose business methods we recently criticised, some misconception having arisen from the fact that the obscure offices of this individual happen to be at the rear of the Printing Company's premises.

PTE. A. V. W. (Malta).—We trust that the advertisement offering "To Let, Board residence, overlooking Grand Harbour, for a single gentleman with English family," was not misunderstood by the readers of the Malta newspaper.

H. U. (Auckland, N.Z.).—Thanks for yours. New Zealand has indeed done fine.

M. K. (Kettering) and OTHERS.—Yes, Mr. R. M. Harries did secure two prizes—one of £2 10s. and the other 5s. in "Bullets" Competition No. 172. Both his winning lines were on one coupon. So you see that it is possible.

H. J. C. (Exeter) and "A BRITISHER" (Porchester), each sends us a portion of a Duplex burner, the outer side being marked "English Make," and the inner "Made in Austria." Unfortunately, this kind of thing is much too common.

"READER" (Loddiswell).—All sums collected by the British Farmers' Red Cross Fund go into the joint banking account of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John. Mr. Herbert Brown, who has recently appealed to agriculturists to help this special effort, has gratuitously given the whole of his services. Your postal order for 1s. has been added to our own War Sufferers' Fund, as requested.

"EDITOR OF SMALLHOLDER" (London).—Nothing and nobody to throw bricks at. Surely Mr. H. V. S. does not mind a Rand miner having a good Christmas dinner if he can afford it?

"H. AND SON" (Greenock).—We do not believe Hansen and Gibb, the lying Nottingham paper-makers, will have sold those three small bales by the Resurrection.

E. C. (Cambridge).—Dr. Bonney's sermon at St. Sepulchre's was—bonny.

B. H. (Rangoon), re sentence on the seditious Sohan Lall, cannot see how a man can suffer "death on the first charge and a life sentence on each of the two others." It depends upon which end he starts.

C. L. (Manor Park) would "like to draw" our attention to his employers, who are not paying a war bonus, he says. In this instance he does as he likes.

"STILL OUR FRIEND" (Boston, Mass.).—Sorry you think the attitude of the United States towards Britain, towards the Devil, and towards itself in this war is above criticism.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably left over.)

The Little Black Marvel, the "John Bull" Pen.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

M. W. (Ladbroke Grove, W.).—Lord Derby future Prime Minister? There are more unlikely things than that.

E. G. (Weybread).—You cannot blame us if the Government conspire to disappoint our prophetic expectations.

S. V.—Of course the Editor has not been "in the trenches." No civilian visitor to the front has. He has, however, been "somewhere in France."

"LOTTY" and OTHERS.—No, we are not at all "upset" by the distribution of scurrilous literature in the towns we visit. It always means full houses.

"COVENTRY WOMAN."—Of course we did not say *at Coventry* or anywhere else, that the war would last seven years. We are now witnessing the opening of its last chapter; and but for the muddle and unreadiness of the politicians, the whole story would have been closed months ago.

"A WORKING MAN" (Old Kent Road, S.E.) warns the Government that "a good many of the workers in Bermondsey will be very nasty when the time comes"—after the war. And they won't be the only ones.

H. A. (Walthamstow).—It is no use our guessing about exemption. Like every other single man, you will have to make your appeal to the local tribunal.

H. C.-S. (late Navy League, Natal).—Evidently, the Government do not credit the existence of those mammoth Germhun naval guns. If we cannot rely on our Navy, on what *can* we rely?

CAPT. O. D. (Newcastle).—Yes, we read Vice-Admiral Herman Kirchoff's frenzy. No doubt, if the Germhun admirals could invade Britain by the sweat of their jaw, they would wipe us off the map.

"A PRIVATE IN THE BRITISH ARMY."—We do not think the Australian troops did *everything* in the Dardanelles. Not by a long chalk. Practically every branch of the British forces, naval and military, proved themselves to be heroes there. But our cartoonist could not get them all into a picture 2 inches square.

"DISGUSTED."—After the war there must be a strict inquiry into the high death-rate amongst Army horses during the winter and summer of 1915 in the Aylesbury and other districts, and those responsible for it must be adequately punished.

"CAVE CANEM" (Brighton).—Your indictment of the bad habits of the too numerous dogs of Brighton and Hove is formidable, and the state of things you describe must be horribly unpleasant. But you will admit it is hardly a matter we can discuss in these columns. Try to wake up the Corporation; persistent badgering might do them good.

"DIXIE" (Preston).—You have been informed that this journal "is under a penalty of £1,000 if anyone can prove a lie against it from back to back," and you wish to know if this is true. We value the truth at much more than that. Glad to hear your "view of things has altered for the better" since you have known us. This is when we blush.

"FUSSY MR. DAVIS" (Pembridge).—It is not a question of the Pope's interference in international affairs, but his failure, as the head of a great branch of the Christian Church, to pour his condemnation on the hideous deeds of Germany in Belgium. Christ whipped the money-changers out of the Temple, but His "Vicar on Earth" has apparently averted his eyes from murdered and outraged *Catholic* women and slaughtered babes.

H. B. (Leeds).—We read the King's reference to "an honourable peace" as meaning a peace honourable to the Allies, which can arise only from the utter crushing of the Hun. Even then, the deep damnation of the taking off of millions of human beings will remain inadequately punished.

DAVE R. G. (Dalston).—To make quite sure of your brother in Australia receiving JOHN BULL regularly, you should register it. We are probably more often filched *en route* than any other publication.

"BOWLER" (Aldershot), apropos of the Kaiser, writes: "About Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-nine Nature produced a Little Swine." The Devil must have lent a hand at the delivery.

L.-CPL. S. (B.E.F.).—Your chum, who asserts that Japan possesses the second largest navy in the world, is talking through his gas-mask. The Huns have the second biggest fleet, although it is tucked away in the Kiel Canal.

J. L. (Tottenham Court Road).—What you suggest is a forced loan. Our finances are not yet so low as to make that necessary. Happily, we can leave such drastic expedients to our enemies.

J. R. D. (Leytonstone) says he is so much against compulsion, that he has "decided to destroy both King and Cabinet," and that he will "certainly destroy upon any future occasion any person that I think objectionable to my honour." Another case for the Lunacy Commissioners.

"BOB" (Pembridge).—No one regrets, in this crisis, the loss of the late King Edward, of genial memory, more than we do.

"SOLDIER" (Kirkcudbright).—"Re Germany—if they would 'dish her,' Give power to Kitchener and Fisher." We agree that only by their joint efforts can Germany be properly served.

A. H. (Peckham, S.E.).—The best purpose to put the wax effigy of the Kaiser at Madame Tussaud's to, will be to burn it on Tower Hill on November 5th next.

X. Y. Z. (Barrow).—JOHN BULL, *solil.*: "My circulation's quite the best throughout the British Isles: The cold does not affect me though I travel miles and miles," etc. May we add: "Our object is to tell the truth, with neither quality nor fears, And to continue with the same for years and years and years"?

C. E. L. (Acton, W.).—For a clergyman to invite his congregation to pray for our enemies, and then for the choir to follow with the anthem, "O Lord our God, arise, scatter our enemies and make them fall," savours of the utterly ridiculous. Have such parsons no sense of humour?

"AN OBSCURE PERSON" (Liscard).—We should be quite contented to see our young princes marry into noble British families, instead of hunting among effete Continental royalty for their wives.

H. McC. (Belfast).—So you have been asked about our prophecies, have you? And why on earth should *you* be asked about *our* prophecies? Refer your questioners to us. We will deal with them.

LIEUT. M. (Brighton).—So you, a soldier, think we should be ready to "talk business," and to "give and take" with Germany, convinced that we can never drive her out of the territories she has set her filthy foot in. The sooner you resign your commission the better. You must have a depressing effect upon your brother officers and men.

"LOOS AND LENS" (West Peckham, Kent) complains that in his parish "there are 14 or 15 Refusilers" who say they will not go before they are fetched. Well, they will be fetched.

"TUBER."—Victorious British, French and Russian soldiers must march through Berlin. We must give our splendid fighting men that satisfaction, whatever the politicians may say.

"JUSTICE" (Cheshire).—We take it that grocery and provision dealers are not included in the "Reserved Occupations" because they can very well be replaced by women. It does not require able-bodied men of military age to stand behind counters serving tea, sugar, butter and bacon, while the Hun is at the gate.

"A RIFLEMAN'S FRIEND" (Tufnell Park, N.).—Contemptible snobs of the type you mention, who resent a private soldier's presence in the stalls of a theatre, pollute the atmosphere they breathe, and should be barred by the management, out of consideration for the audience.

Just the thing, "Golden Links" in "Everywoman's."

J. W. W. (Gilbin Grove).—Thanks. No use unduly harping on munitions muddles—*at present*.

"A CORRESPONDENT" (Croydon) points out that even the beasts of the field and the birds of the air can teach the Conscientious Objector a lesson, inasmuch as they are always ready to defend their young.

R. R. L. (Armagh).—Quite right. The Huns left the bulldog tenacity of the British out of account in their calculations.

A. H. T. (Dennistoun).—JOHN BULL'S companion paper was originally *Mrs. Bull*, but the name has now been changed to *Everywoman's*.

W. T. (Blackpool).—"Let the foe who strikes at Britain hear her wheels of commerce turn, Let the ships that war with Britain see her factory furnace burn, For the foe most fears the cannon and his heart most quails with dread When behind the man in khaki is the man who keeps his head." This from Toronto *Cars* is good, if reminiscent.

A. E. C. (Nottingham).—So you think the fact that alcoholic liquor is ordered by medical men as an "aid to convalescence" is proof that it is not a beverage, nor "the sort of thing which should be openly sold as 'refreshment'." Your process of reasoning is as clear as mud. Because doctors recommend fresh air as an aid to convalescence, are we to breathe it only when we are ill?

"AN ANCIENT BRITON" (Bilhead).—"The Party purse is the freeman's curse" is a saying compacted of the truth.

J. H. C. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Through answering a message found in a packing-case it seems you got into correspondence with a man in Canada, and you now wonder if he is genuine—or German! His letters seem quite harmless, and he is probably the same; but, speaking generally, we should not advise making friends in such a haphazard fashion.

Miss A. F. (Cardiff).—You are hysterical. For goodness' sake don't allow it to develop into religious mania; else you are utterly lost.

"IRISH PURSE" (Liverpool).—It *may* be that "many a coloured man would make as good a husband for a white woman as a white man would." But we do not like the idea of piebald piccaninnies. They start life with a heavy handicap.

"JERICO" (Up North) informs us that Von Tirpitz's next dash for the open sea will take place at 3.33 a.m. on February 30th next. This, he tells us, is "from a re-lie-able source." We should spell it sauce.

"A FRIEND," "IMPOCO" and "A WORKING MAN."—Your gifts of 3s., 5s. and 1s. have been forwarded to "The Paper Man on the Corner." Very many thanks.

J. B. (Tooting).—You probably thought you were "putting it across us" Instead, you are merely incoherent. *What* is it you are frothing about?

GR. R. B. (Hyderabad).—Nelson and Wellington met a week before the Battle of Trafalgar was fought—according to the late Lord Bathurst and Clifford Hosken.

X. Y. (Tenby).—You think no decoration should be given for rescuing the wounded under fire, since it is the soldier's duty to maintain the strength of his unit by avoiding unnecessary exposure. It would seem hard to discourage those gallant actions; and we are not altogether sure but that what would be gained in practical military efficiency would be counterbalanced by loss of ardour on the part of the men thus deprived of incentives to courageous self-sacrifice. The thought of wounded comrades lying out in the open, to rescue whom under fire might earn a reprimand instead of a reward, would probably have a depressing effect upon our lads.

C. H. M. (Upper Stratton).—Since you are a female, with super-Sabbatarian views, out-Pharaseeing the Pharasees, we must, in courtesy to your sex, decline to enter into a disputation with you on the subject of Sunday observance.

EX-PTE. J. E. B. (Castleford).—We cannot see how your wearing a silk muffler, and otherwise dressing yourself smartly, should make you a "duffer" and unfit you for a clerkship in your local post-office. The Labour Exchange official who advanced such an insensate objection must himself have been a double duffer of the deepest dye.

C. M. asks: "What have you done with all the good men like Martin Luther, Moses, Joshua, David? These are the men we want." You may search us. We haven't touched them.

A. P. (Colchester).—"Kindergarten" is a word we can very well do without. Any suggestion for a good British substitute?

"THE PRINCE OF PEACE" (Wandsworth, S.W.).—We are sorry to note that your imbecility takes a blasphemous form. You ought to be in a home.

J. M. H. (Gosport).—W. Cooper, Ltd., Poultry Appliance Manufacturers, of 743, Old Kent Road, is a firm to fight shy of because of their dilatory business methods, which we have frequently exposed.

W. A. (Hasbouk Heights, N.J.).—"Now that your people are awake, rain hell fire down on them and keep them awake." We have none on hand to rain. Why so torrid?

"JANTAIN" (Tain) tells us Gaelic was spoken in Eden. That must have been when Adam was told he must quit. 'Tis a fine language for incoherent expostulations.

E. F. P. (Peckham).—It is far more important to exempt school teachers than curates from enlistment.

MR. WILLIAM SHADFORTH (Pharmaceutical Chemist, 68, Grove Road, Bow, E.) wishes us to point out that he is in no way connected with Tokalon, Ltd., the "beauty" concern upon whose methods we recently commented. The fact that Mr. Shadforth's advertisement appears in these columns is, of course, sufficient evidence that we believe in his *bona fides*.

J. B., and OTHERS (H.M.S. *Armadale*).—Many thanks for greetings—which we much appreciate.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO" (Plymouth).—The reason that the public telephones have now been placed on post-office counters at Plymouth is to avoid the possibility of communication being made of a spy character.

MR. JOHN HOWARD.—Three letters addressed to you at Lark Lane have been returned as insufficiently addressed. Please communicate with our Pen Department.

P. F. (Portsmouth).—You are quite right when you say there is nothing like music to cheer up the boys at the front, especially "catchy" choruses. Have you seen Mr. Herman Darewski's series in *Everywoman's*? The authentic words and music of one of his popular numbers are given away each week; they are just the thing to send to the trenches.

H. T. (Winchester).—The Winchester moneylender, who announces his office hours as being from 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., may at least be praised for encouraging early rising, however subversive his business may be to thrift.

R. B. (Oxford).—Our demand for the return of Lord Fisher is now being re-echoed by several of our contemporaries. The need is urgent, as the Germans are probably planning a naval *coup* which Fisher would be the best man to foresee and circumvent.

THE COMMERCIAL PRINTING CO. (115, Suffolk Street, Birmingham) wish it to be known that they are in no way connected with Clifford May, whose business methods we recently criticised, some misconception having arisen from the fact that the obscure offices of this individual happen to be at the rear of the Printing Company's premises.

PTE. A. V. W. (Malta).—We trust that the advertisement offering "To Let, Board residence, overlooking Grand Harbour, for a single gentleman with English family," was not misunderstood by the readers of the Malta newspaper.

H. U. (Auckland, N.Z.).—Thanks for yours. New Zealand has indeed done fine.

M. K. (Kettering) and OTHERS.—Yes, Mr. E. M. Harries did secure two prizes—one of £2 10s. and the other 5s. in "Bullets" Competition No. 172. Both his winning lines were on one coupon. So you see that it is possible.

H. J. C. (Exeter) and "A BRITISHER" (Porchester), each sends us a portion of a Duplex burner, the outer side being marked "English Make," and the inner "Made in Austria." Unfortunately, this kind of thing is much too common.

"READER" (Loddiswell).—All sums collected by the British Farmers' Red Cross Fund go into the joint banking account of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John. Mr. Herbert Brown, who has recently appealed to agriculturists to help this special effort, has gratuitously given the whole of his services. Your postal order for 1s. has been added to our own War Sufferers' Fund, as requested.

"EDITOR OF SMALLHOLDER" (London).—Nothing and nobody to throw bricks at. Surely Mr. H. V. S. does not mind a Rand miner having a good Christmas dinner if he can afford it?

"H. AND SON" (Greenock).—We do not believe Hansen and Gibb, the lying Nottingham paper-makers, will have sold those three small bales by the Resurrection.

E. C. (Cambridge).—Dr. Bonney's sermon at St. Sepulchre's was—bonny.

B. H. (Rangoon), re sentence on the seditious Sohan Lall, cannot see how a man can suffer "death on the first charge and a life sentence on each of the two others." It depends upon which end he starts.

C. L. (Manor Park) would "like to draw" our attention to his employers, who are not paying a war bonus, he says. In this instance he does as he likes.

"STILL OUR FRIEND" (Boston, Mass.).—Sorry you think the attitude of the United States towards Britain, towards the Devil, and towards itself in this war is above criticism.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably left over.)

The Little Black Marvel, the "John Bull" Pen.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

1ST GENT.: Hallo, old chap! What's all the luggage mean? Going away?

2ND GENT.: I'm leaving London for a bit, anyway. Can't stick it any longer.

1ST GENT.: What's up? Scared of the Zepps?

2ND GENT.: No. Damn the Zepps! I'm afraid of the dark. I don't mind risking bombs with the rest of them, but I'm cursed if I like the idea of being run down and mauled by a taxi in the pitch darkness.

1ST GENT.: H'm! There's something in that. Wish I could get away for the same reason. Where are you bound?

2ND GENT.: Oh, I want to be where something is being *done*. Either Southampton or Portsmouth. I don't mind which it is. I want to be in a place where I can feel that we are doing something, where I can see something of the Navy at work and the Tommies going off to fight, and all that. If I don't feel better there I shall clear out of England till the war is over, however it may end. I can't stick it.

1ST GENT.: What? Leave England? Thinking of deserting, eh?

2ND GENT.: No, no; it isn't that. But I shall go off my head if things go on much longer as they are going at present.

1ST GENT.: You're talking like a ruddy pessimist. What's wrong with you?

2ND GENT.: Well, it's a wonder we are not *all* pessimists. This damn fool Government is breeding pessimists. What with Sir Edward Grey's hopeless snivelling slush about the neutrals and the blockade of Germany, and the fact of Fisher being on the shelf and a civilian like Balfour in charge of the Navy, I'm beginning to get nervy. One has no sense of security. One doesn't feel safe. What's Haldane doing? What is being done about an aerial fleet? What is Kitchener's actual position? Who is responsible for this criminal leniency towards uninterned Germans? I tell you, old chap, I'm tired of being kept in the dark like a child. If one could have confidence in the Government it would be a different thing. But they have let the country down too often for that. Look at the Dardanelles, Servia, Montenegro, Baghdad! Germans trading throughout the country. Hun-made scraps and toys in our Christmas crackers, linen-drapers giving away picture post-cards printed in Germany for the farthing change, Party politicians combining to keep out an Independent candidate at Mile End—a specialist in his particular branch of knowledge—and electing a nonentity in his stead. Treasonous peace meetings being allowed all over the place. Conscientious objectors being dealt with tenderly. Good God, man! Is this England, or is it a nursery where we are playing at war?

1ST GENT.: My dear chap, you *have* got it bad! If you go on like that I shall catch it. Unfortunately, there is such an infernal lot of truth in all you say. Suppose you leave, where will you make for?

2ND GENT.: Why, France, of course! Where else? I want to be where they realise what war is, where they are putting the last ounce into it, where a stray Hun stands no more chance than a wax cat in Hell. I want to be in a country where they don't wait till after the war to punish filthy, traitorous army contractors and other vile scum who are out to make money at the cost of soldiers' lives, and where they give incompetents short shrift. Dammit! I would sooner endure the privations of the French and the Russians, and forego all these comforts and luxuries we can still obtain in England, so long as I knew we were putting every pennyweight of strength into the struggle, and certain of crushing the loathsome Germans into the mud of their own making!

1ST GENT.: I know exactly how you feel, but isn't it rather rotten to slip out of it?

2ND GENT.: What's the good of staying? The people are asleep, as they were before the war. *I* can't wake them. *(Left hard at it.)*

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, February 19th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Liverpool will beat Oldham you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Oldham will beat Liverpool then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw" *Do not cross out the names of the teams Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, February 18 (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished only the £100 Prize will be awarded (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM
			Burnley	v.	Manchester C.
			Liverpool	v.	Oldham A.
			Preston N. End	v.	Bolton W.
			Stockport C.	v.	Everton
			Bury	v.	Southport C.
			Manchester U.	v.	Blackpool
			Rochdale	v.	Stoke
			Barnsley	v.	Sheffield U.
			Bradford	v.	Notts C.
			Hull City	v.	Huddersfield
			West Ham U.	v.	Chelsea
			Tottenham H	v.	Fulham
			Crystal Palace	v.	Watford
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Brentford
			Falkirk	v.	Dumbarton
			Dundee	v.	Partick T.
			Motherwell	v.	Greenock Morton
			Queen's Park	v.	Celtic

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding and enter on that understanding

PIN A penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 21 Closing date, Friday, February 18th

REMARKABLE SELF-HELP CURE FOR

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS & CATARRH

SPECIAL EDITION OF 100 000 TREATISES BY DOCTOR DISCOVERER OFFERED FREE TO SUFFERERS.

THOUSANDS OF CURES RECORDED.

A special edition of 100,000 copies of Dr. Hair's now famous 48-page Treatise on **Asthma, Bronchitis, and Catarrh** has just been published for gratis distribution to sufferers.

The treatise tells of the doctor's discovery of a remarkable specific for these troubles that not only permanently cures but at once prevents and effectually removes the constitutional cause. That a lasting cure can now be effected, Dr. Hair has proved not only in his own case, but in thousands of others whom he subsequently treated.

HOW THE CURE WAS FOUND.

It was his own terrible sufferings that led Dr. Hair to make a thorough study of Asthma and Bronchitis. As a result of his investigations he found that the accepted diagnosis of Asthma, which had always been regarded as a definite organic trouble, was an inaccurate one. Having made this important discovery Dr Hair eventually perfected a system of treatment which completely cured him of his own trouble, and which has since been the means of restoring many thousands of sufferers to health and strength. He states:—

"For eleven years I suffered what I cannot describe, expecting death as the only relief. I tried everything I could hear of, with only partial relief. Finally I came to adopt a theory of my own in regard to the nature of the disease. Selecting medicines and preventives on the basis of it, I found I was right, and soon I was entirely relieved, and have been free ever since."

HOPE FOR ALL SUFFERERS.

There is now, therefore, no reason for any person troubled with Asthma, Bronchitis, or Catarrh to continue suffering. In Dr. Hair's treatise (which may be had free for the asking) they will find full particulars of a simple, inexpensive means of cure which has the endorsement of such prominent members of the Medical Profession as the famous **Royal Physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and Professor G. J. Allman, M.D., F.R.S., LL.D.,** etc., who writes:—"I have been using the treatment with marked success." In the treatise will be found the most convincing, unsolicited and spontaneous testimony from persons in all walks of life who have obtained a cure in Dr. Hair's new system of treatment when all else had failed.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN,
SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, who endorsed the treatment described in the free treatise.

CONTENTS OF TREATISE.

Among the many interesting chapters it contains may be cited:—

Medical Etiquette. How I cured myself. Bronchitis. Causes and Treatment of Catarrh. What to eat and drink and what to avoid.

These, together with other details of absorbing interest to sufferers, are fully explained in the Free Treatise

HOW TO OBTAIN THIS FREE TREATISE.

A coupon is given below, and by filling this up and posting it to-day to Dr. B. W. Hair and Son (Dept. 11D), 90 and 91, High Holborn, London, a treatise will be sent you post free.

PRICES. Asthma Remedy, 3s., large size 5s.
"Catarrh Cure Pills," 3s., ditto 5s.

"Bronchial Cough Remedy," 2s., large size 5s., which can be obtained of all chemists in the United Kingdom, or direct, post free, from Dr. B. W. Hair and Son (Dept. 11D), 90 and 91, High Holborn, W.C.

FREE TREATISE COUPON

To B. W. HAIR and SON (Dept. 11D), 90 and 91, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send me a Free Copy of Dr. Hair's Treatise showing how a cure may be obtained for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other title.)

Address.....
"John Bull."

"TIZ" for Aching, Sore, Tired Feet.

TIZ is grand for puffed-up, tender, perspiring feet, burning corns and chilblains.

People who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, perspiring, burning feet mean. They use TIZ, and TIZ cures their feet right off. It keeps feet in perfect condition. TIZ is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause tender, sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, hard skin, and bunions. It's fine for chilblains. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using TIZ. You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't tighten and hurt your feet.

Get a 1/1! box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1!.

Such visions fair you only see
When smoking pipes of B.D.V.

B.D.V. LATAKIA MIXTURE

The new and distinctive Tobacco

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Ask for B.D.V BLUE LABEL,
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Green Label B.D.V. Mild. Not a mixture, 6d. per oz
GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., LONDON.

MADE FIT TO FIGHT.

Once a Nervous Wreck — Now a Soldier.

Gunner W. Jones

Gunner W. Jones, of the R.F.A., whose home address is 34, Dudley Street, Walsall, says:—

"About seven years ago my nerves broke down. I was so extremely nervous that I dared not go out alone, and when I went to bed I could not sleep properly. I always had pains after meals, too. But it was the awful nervousness that was the trouble. I think mine must have been the worst attack of nervous breakdown that ever was known, and though I had doctors and doctors, none of them could do me any good. Latterly my legs seemed to be losing power, and I used to stagger about like a drunken man. I always felt as though I was going to faint or have a fit.

"Then at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and what a change they made in me! I did not believe there was such a medicine on earth. After a few doses I felt better, and in a few weeks was actually cured. Now I am a soldier, and proud to be able to serve my country. I am a Gunner (101,205) in the R.F.A., and as fit as any man."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

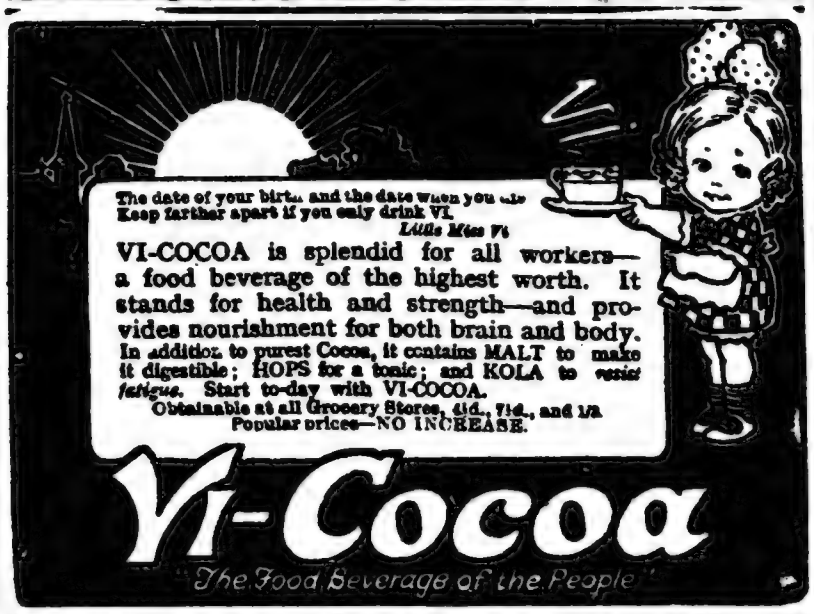
Nervous Breakdown	**Sleeplessness**	**Mal-Nutrition**
Nerve Paralysis	**Anæmia**	**Wasting Diseases**
Spinal Paralysis	**Kidney Disease**	**Palpitation**
Infantile Paralysis	**Indigestion**	**Premature Decay**
Nervous Debility	**Stomach Disorder**	**Loss of Flesh**

Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., *and* 3s.—*the* 3s. *size being the most economical.*

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY sent on receipt of name and address and TWO penny stamps for postage and packing.

Apply Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd., Box H.T. 24 Chester Road, Manchester



VI-COCOA is splendid for all workers—a food beverage of the highest worth. It stands for health and strength—and provides nourishment for both brain and body. In addition to purest Cocoa, it contains MALT to make it digestible; HOPS for a tonic; and KOLA to resist *fatigue*. Start to-day with VI-COCOA.

Obtainable at all Grocery Stores, 6d., 9d., and 1/6
Popular prices—NO INCREASE.

Vi-Cocoa

The Food Beverage of the People

Every reader of "John Bull" should have

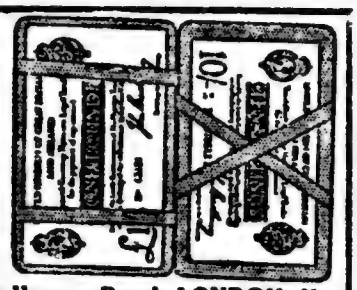
The "REVERSIBLE"

Treasury Note Case

(Prov. Patent 5022).

The best means of carrying £1 and 10/- Notes. Made in real Leather, with initials in gold, 2s. 8d. post free.

A Most Useful Present.



Send P.O. to actual Manufacturers—

D. HARPER & CO., Ltd., 259 262, Holloway Road, LONDON, N

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, or Raincoats; or Catalogues of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear, Furs, Sewing Machines, Footwear, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Pram, Lion Size Vacuum Cleaners, Linoleums, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets, Quilts, Bedsteads, Bedding, Baby Linen, Underclothing, Hosiery, Gloves, Trunks, Bags, Cycles, Perambulators, Cots, Cabinets, Chairs, Tables, Sideboards, Suites, Pianos, Organs, Clocks, Silver, Electro-Plate, Cutlery, Glass, China, Carpets, Linoleums, Curtains, Blankets, Quilts, Bedsteads, Bedding, Baby Linen, Underclothing, Hosiery, Gloves, Trunks, Bags, Cycles, Perambulators, Cots, Cabinets, Chairs, Tables, Sideboards, Suites, Pianos, Organs, Clocks, Silver, Electro-Plate, Cutlery, Glass, China,

FOR EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

COCHRANES OF MANCHESTER.

Show you how to start a business of your own and make money selling Remnants, Drapery, Handkerchiefs, Ready-mades etc. Write for Catalogue which tells you all about it.

COCHRANES WAREHOUSE, 8, Victoria Bridge Manchester.

Blick

TYPE-WRITERS

The machines with the 20 years' reputation. You can learn to operate the Blick in half-an-hour. Write for list (32A) and free home-trial. Roman, italic and script type. Greek, Hebrew and Oriental characters can all be used on the same machine, changing instantly from one to the other. The Blick is compact, strong, durable, and extremely portable. Weighs 5 lbs.

THE BLICK CO., LTD.,
9 & 10, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Shorthand

Send for free booklet containing lessons, specimens and particulars of the rapidly-spreading

SLOAN DUPLOYAN

system, which saves a year's study, and holds the world's reporting speed record. Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

AGENTS WANTED.

Quick selling Article, time, money and labour saver. Simply send stamp directed envelope for full particulars. Sample of the article if desired 1/- post free, but if you return this advertisement now, we will send you two samples for only a 1/- post paid. Write now. Thornley Co. Darley St., Bolton

REMNANTS

Make money quickly by selling my Remnants of Prints, Flannelettes Towels, small wares, Hosiery, Overalls, Blouses, &c. My 10/- and 15/- Blouse length parcels sell quickly at big profits. Price List and advice free.

HARRY H. CLEGG (Dept. J.B.), 50, Newton Street, Manchester. (Old English Firm.)

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money. When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

Friend of the Family

Once Thermogene is tried it becomes an indispensable item of the family medicine cabinet. It is the friend of the family—proved relief for all chill-caused aches and pains. It is swift and sure, however acute or long-standing the suffering may be. It begins its good work the moment you apply it. Its genial warmth is comforting—the pain subsides—the aching ceases—tranquil restfulness follows.

Thermogene gives instant relief in cases of Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Bronchitis, Chest Colds, Sore Throats, Sprains, Muscular Pains. Thermogene has won the gratitude of thousands of sufferers, and its merits have gained for it the recognition of the BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY, the ROYAL NAVY, the MILITARY AUTHORITIES, and MANY HOSPITALS.

Keep a box handy—you may need it any time. Suitable for everyone—powerful enough for adult, gentle enough for child, and quite harmless. Write for the illustrated book on the Thermogene treatment, which tells how to get the best results. Send a postcard to-day to Thermogene Bureau, Haywards Heath, Sussex. Thermogene is BRITISH OWNED and BRITISH MADE.

THERMOGENE

CURATIVE WADDING

VANDENBROECK'S PROCESS

At all Chemists. 1/1½ & 2/9 per box.

Look for the familiar Orange Coloured Boxes in the Chemists' Windows.

At all Chemists. 1/1½ & 2 9 per box.

Riley's Remarkable Free Trial Offer.

A Splendid Billiard Table in your Home at once, for a small first payment NOW.

WHEN Riley's decided to make this extraordinary Free Trial offer they knew they ran no risk, for no one ever does send a Riley Billiard Table back—so greatly does it add pleasure to boresome winter evenings—so full is it of an unlimited power of profitably occupying the young folks' minds—and so excellently made to yield all the delights (even to an expert) of the full-sized Billiard Table.

If you send a P.O. now to-night, for 8s. 6d., on get carriage paid to your door (no charge for packages) within a few days the wonderful Riley Miniature Table specified below (size 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins. cash price 5 gns.), and if after 7 days' trial you are not satisfied, pack it up advise Riley's, and they will have it removed. Anyone may learn the real live game of Billiards in no time on a Riley Billiard Table: lose no time in putting one in your home, watch how it fills in the hours from tea till bed-time with an excitement at every moment, an interest to keep everyone enthralled from ten-year-old Tommy to Grandfather.

8/6

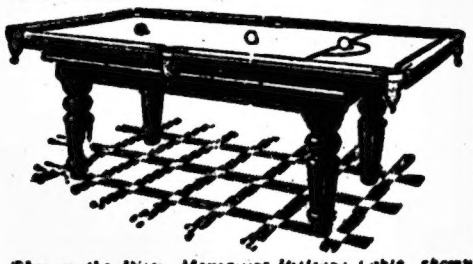
DOWN

brings to your home immediately

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

8s. 6d. down—and then whilst you have the table you pay the balance in 12 consecutive monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit over an ordinary table, and to any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Complete with all accessories. Other sizes—prices as prepared.



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on Dining Table.

IN addition to the Miniature Billiard Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by equal monthly instalments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining-Table

—really a magnificent piece of furniture which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over 13 months or 18 months. Cash prices from £13 10s.

FREE On receipt of postcard full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries. Every Table as perfect as modern science and high-class workmanship can make it.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Premier Works, Accrington.
London Showrooms 147 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE

ELECTRIC LAMPS

Used in the Royal Palaces, by the War Office, Admiralty and the leading Munition Firms

Economical, Durable & Brilliant - use them

BRITISH MADE IN RUGBY

One Thous-

'BULLETS' ENORMOUS PRIZE

1ST. PRIZE £1000

10 PRIZES OF £5	2ND PRIZE £100
10 PRIZES OF £2:10	
100 PRIZES OF 5/-	For This Week Only

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 176:—

THE KAISER'S FUTURE
MOST ALARMING WHEN
PRESIDENT WILSON
THE MAIN OBJECT
PEACE CRANKS
A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL
AFTER JOINING
MY BEST GIRL
WEARY WILLIE
A DEAR LOAF
SPRING CHICKEN
SHOWING HER TEETH
NEVER PAYS
WHEN ON DUTY
NICE AND WARM
DAMAGING ADMISSION
KEEPING HER PLACE
WORKING MODEL
A FALSE NOTE
PRETTY CLOSE
NOT SO BAD
WHEN SOLD
LOOKING FOR HUSBAND
TAKING FRIGHT
A LONG SPOON
SINGLE BLESSEDNESS
APPEALS TO FATHER
ON THE QUIET
LANGUAGE OF LOVE
GERMANY'S NEED

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

Example:—
LANGUAGE OF LOVE.
Bullet:—
NOT WHEN FATHER APPEARS.

Example:—
NEVER PAYS.
Bullet:—
ARGUING WITH MAGISTRATE.

Example:—
THE MAIN OBJECT.
Bullet:—
TO WIN.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 4th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated February 19th

DON'T DELAY—SEND IN NOW FOR THIS ENORMOUS PRIZE AND AVAIL

No. Closing date, Thursday, February 17th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(176) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

_____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 173," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, February 17th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(176) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

_____

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** Bullets "Competition, **No. 177.** **These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **177** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 177, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 177.

PROMISE OF SPRING
NEUTRAL SUPPLIES
A NIGHT ATTACK
WORKING FOR PEACE
SMALL BEER
THE NEW GIRL
BAD ADVICE
NOT VERY LIKELY
LOOKS TENDER
SEAT OF TROUBLE
LOST CHARACTER
MAKES FATHER SIT UP
HIGHLY COLOURED
CUTS UP NASTY
TALKING BIG
WAIT AND SEE
A TOUGH PROPOSITION
NO GENTLEMAN
MRS. GRUNDY
WAR WORKERS

and Pounds!

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

2ND PRIZE £100

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 Special 'Target' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

For This Week Only

1ST. PRIZE. £1,000

YOURSELF OF AN OPPORTUNITY THAT MAY NOT OCCUR AGAIN!

No

Closing Date, Thursday, February 17th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

173 P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No

Closing Date, Thursday, February 17th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(176) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

BULLETS RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*):—

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to "John Bull" and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 173rd BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE of £250:

Mr. E. L. RATSEY, 44, Fairacres Road, Oxford.
Example:—PRINCIPAL BOY.
Bullet:—BACHELOR PREFERS TO REMAIN.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. CHARLES CLARKE, 18, Elmhill Road, Clapham Park, London, S.W.
Example:—FIRST SEA TRIP.
Bullet:—COULDN'T "STAND" A SECOND.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. ELI RICHARDS 81, Stacey Rd., Cardiff:
LADY HELPS—AFTER WHICH SLAVEY "CLEARS."

Mr. A. S. BROOKS, 10, Hardman Road, Charlton, S.E.:
LOOKING CHEAP—GIRLS WITHOUT SOLDIER SWEETHEARTS.

Mr. A. J. NASON, 21, Albion St., Chipping Norton:
TAKEN BY SURPRISE—SELDOM—THE GIRL'S PARENTS.

Mrs. HARRISON, 52, Richard Cooper St., Goole:
WHEN FIRST MARRIED—WE "MIND" EACH OTHER.

Mr. JAMES BURNETT, Village, Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, Scotland:
AVOIDING COMPULSION—A "POSER" OFTEN.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon)

Mr. BERTRAM G. KEMP, 58, Pain's Road, Southsea, Portsmouth:
THE KAISER'S DREAM—SPOILING LANDS—LANDING SPOILS.

Mr. ANDREW BARBOUR, Bon Lea House, Thornaby-on-Tees.
OLD DUCK—DIDN'T TELL MOTORIST THAT.

Mr. H. P. PALMER, 32, Neville Street, Norwich:
TAKEN BY SURPRISE—THE "HOOK" "FISHER" TOOK.

Miss R. COULTHURST, 12, Merton Road, Southsea:
LADY HELPS — GENERALLY — TOWARDS DISILLUSION.

Mr. W. HERSCHELL, 18, King's Mount, Birkenhead:
MOST IRRITATING WHEN—EVERYTHING "LEFT" TO OTHERS.

OWING TO PRESSURE ON SPACE WE ARE UNABLE TO PUBLISH A LIST OF THE £2 10s. PRIZE-WINNERS. THESE WILL BE FORWARDED TOGETHER WITH THE 100 5s. PRIZE-WINNERS ON RECEIPT OF 1d. STAMP. A COMPLETE LIST OF ALL PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THESE OFFICES

ORDER 'THE CINEGOER'

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HIGHAM

from your Newsagent to-day.

THE FREE LIST IS ENTIRELY SUSPENDED

2d. OUT EVERY MONDAY 2d.
COMMENCING FEB. 21st, 1916
MAKE SURE OF GETTING YOJR COPY

The Beautiful New Picture Paper for those who go to the 'Pictures.'

IN THE FIRST ISSUE

4 FULL-PAGE PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS

THE FILM STORY OF

'THE DOP DOCTOR'

from Richard Dehan's Famous Novel.

A SPECIAL PORTRAIT THAT EVERY PICTURE PATRON WILL WANT.
20 OF THE 'LETTERS' IN PATHE'S £1,000 CASH COMPETITION
open to those seeing 'THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE.'

JOKES HEARD IN THE DARK.

20 PAGES—BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED—COLOURED COVER.
ORDER YOUR NEWSAGENT TO SEND IT TO YOU REGULARLY

OUT FEB. 21ST.

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